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{ FROM BEGINNING
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CONTENTS

I.	Art at the Franco-British Exhibition. <i>By H. Heathcote Statham</i>	
	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	643
II.	Sixty Years in the Wilderness: Some Passages by the Way. <i>By Henry W. Lucy.</i> (To be continued.)	CORNHILL MAGAZINE 652
III.	The Power of the Keys. Chapter XXIV. At Her Post. <i>By Sydney C. Grier.</i> (To be continued.)	665
IV.	The Present and Future of Aerial Navigation. <i>By John H. Ledeboer.</i>	INTERNATIONAL 670
V.	Iago. <i>By W. H. Hadow.</i>	ALBANY REVIEW 674
VI.	The Morroghs' Dreams. <i>By Jane Barlow</i>	681
VII.	The United States Fleet.	SPECTATOR 686
VIII.	Electricity in Agriculture. <i>By Sir Oliver Lodge.</i>	NATURE 689
IX.	The Romance of America.	NATION 692
X.	The True Monument for Dickens.	SPECTATOR 695
XI.	The Speech.	PUNCH 699
XII.	An Understanding with Germany.	ECONOMIST 701

A PAGE OF VERSE

XIII.	In the Pine Wood. <i>By J. W. Feaver.</i>	NATION 642
XIV.	Hollyhocks. <i>By Nellie Richmond Eberhart.</i>	WINDSOR MAGAZINE 642
XV.	In the Image of God. <i>By Mary E. Coleridge.</i>	642

BOOKS AND AUTHORS	703
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IN THE PINE WOOD.

Between the sombre pine tops lie
Blue strips of dreaming tranquil sky,
And flakes of fleecy cloudlets creep
Over the azure lakes asleep

Between the sombre pines.

Between the sombre pine tops flash
Long slanting sunbeam spears, which
dash

Across the stately stems and throw
Their burning shafts down here below.
Into this silent shadowy deep,
Cascades of glittering sunshine leap
Down to the dusky floor, and flow
In golden-glowing pools below;
While in the branches' spreading net
Stray sunbeams captured, glint and
fret:

In flickering threads some break away
Joining the busy shadow-play.

Beyond the pines, a quivering haze
Hangs over all the greenwood maze,
Where alleys dim, through secret
shades,

Wind down to deep mid-forest glades.
Out in her Court of glimmering green
The slender silver birch is Queen;
And as the wanton winds come by,
The lordly pines look down and sigh
With envy, for the breeze has kiss'd
Her trembling tresses into mist.

These lofty pines shut in a pool
Of darkened Silence, deep and cool.
The stems rise through to upper air,
The woods beyond are all astir;
But here it is so very still,
That should the o'er-hanging branches
spill

A single cone, it rattles in
From bough to bough with spreading
din.

Stilled are these depths, but up above
Runs rippling from a brooding dove,
A murmuring monotone of Love.

All through the golden summer day
Within these aisles I gladly stay,
Between the spreading pillars see
The depths of His infinity.
I laugh with joy, I have no fear
Even of Him who is so near,
With each rapt sense, the Spirit's eyes,
I feel His presence, recognize
Behind the veil and splendid dress
The Vision of His loveliness.

And though He is great beyond all
thought,
And I so small, so near to nought.
I dare to thank Him who has given
Through love of Earth, the joy of
Heaven.

J. W. Feaver.

The Nation.

HOLLYHOCKS.

The gorgeous, glowing hollyhocks
Which bloom beside our garden
walks!

They sway upon their slender stalks
Like tropic birds upon the boughs
Of forests by the Amazon,
Where morn, in silence halcyon,
Paints fervid hues to marvel on
Through noon's long, languid drowse.

The splendid, showy hollyhocks!
Maroon and gold, their color mocks
The butterflies in brilliant flocks
Within a web of Eastern dyes.
Yea, here in closes calm and sweet,
Awhile allured by August heat,
The tropics and the Orient meet
Beneath our Northern skies.

Nellie Richmond Eberhart.

The Windsor Magazine.

IN THE IMAGE OF GOD.

Thou that canst sit in silence hour by
hour,
And know God in His minutest flower,
And watch His myriad ways among
the grass,
And feel His touch on every frond of
fern,
On the small shadows as they slowly
turn,
And on the little creatures as they pass,
What blindness is it that doth hold
thine eyes,
Make streets a Hell, and meadows Par-
adise.
To shut Him out from His great crea-
ture, Man.
Hath He not writ Himself in every
face?
Awake—and be not impotent to trace
What is and has been since the world
began.

Mary E. Coleridge.

ART AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.

With the majority of Londoners who crowd to it the Franco-British Exhibition is evidently not an institution to be taken seriously. It is the playground of the season; a place to dine at and meet your friends and spend a summer evening amid fairy architecture and lights and fireworks—a view of its function which is certainly countenanced by the extent of space allotted to feeding establishments and the predominance of such innocent amusements as gravitation railways and toboggans and the vast piece of moving structure irreverently dubbed “the flip-flap”; the latter, however, a more interesting piece of mechanical engineering than most of those who are slung in its cages are aware of. But there is more in the Exhibition than this, else had it been but a wanton expenditure of money.

To begin with, the question of the architectural treatment of a collection of temporary structures is one of some interest. It is an opportunity for realizing, for the moment, architectural effects of a richness and exuberance such as can seldom be afforded in permanent buildings in these days of economy and the competitive cutting of prices. The architectural designer is let loose, as it were, into a dream-country, in which he may give the reins to his fancy without the fear of the Quantity Surveyor before his eyes. Should he aim at producing vast combinations of architecture in orthodox form, ephemeral in actual structure but in outward aspect monumental? Or should he frankly accept the situation and treat his buildings as obviously temporary and evanescent, fragile fancies in fragile materials:—

The earth hath bubbles as the water
hath,
And these are of them?

There is something to be said for either principle. Inigo Jones or Bramante would have preferred the first alternative, and would have produced for us visions of stately combinations of columnar architecture such as have really been carried out only, perhaps, in the great days of Selinus or of Paestum. At the Chicago exhibition the tendency was in favor of this kind of stately classic scenery, and fine effects were produced; whether the knowledge that the structure is not what it appears destroys the enjoyment of the effect, is perhaps a question of individual temperament. The French, who have a keener æsthetic sense in matters of this kind than any other nation, in their more recent great exhibitions (1889 and 1900) have rather favored the adoption of special forms of temporary architecture; though M. Formigé, in the two palaces of “Arts” and “Arts Libéraux” which faced each other in the 1889 Paris Exhibition, adopted an honestly visible construction of a then new type—steel framing filled in with decorative terra-cotta. But in general, and in the 1900 Exhibition especially, the French adopted a style of obviously temporary architecture founded in the main on reminiscences of classic forms, but treated with a great deal of freedom and in many cases with admirable effect.

It is difficult to classify the architecture of the Franco-British Exhibition—it is a medley; but for the most part, though derived from very various types, it does not simulate monumental architecture. There are some pavilions in which classic columnar orders are introduced, as in the British Applied Arts pavilion, designed by a young English architect of genius, Mr. J. B. Fulton; but in this and other cases the treatment, at all events of the upper portion of the structure, is

so far playful and (as one may say) unreal as to preclude the idea of a monumental structure. The Canada pavilion has the most monumental appearance of any, and is rather imposing in its general effect. The *Daily Mail* pavilion is a rather bad imitation, in faulty proportion, of Chambers's octagon pavilion with concave sides in Kew Gardens, itself a weak imitation of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbek. The part of the Exhibition architecture which most closely follows the detail of existing styles is the first and largest quadrangle on entering from Wood Lane; but here the model followed is in the main that of Dravidian Hindu architecture, combined (in the upper portions) with some reminiscences of Indian Mohammedan architecture—

By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,

but the two elements harmonize well enough, and no style could be better suited for festal temporary architecture than the school of Hindu work which has been adopted. It is as essentially an ornamental architecture as the Spanish style which has been called "plateresque" from its resemblance to silversmith's work; and has the same kind of resemblance, with better detail; for in a good deal of the Hindu decorative detail there is a certain finish and purity of line which has something the character of Greek ornament. A great deal of modelled ornament in this first court is charming work, and the design as a whole has a coherence and restraint which contrasts favorably with some of the pavilions further on; the Women's Work and the Palace of Music pavilions, for instance, on the right of the central court, have a good deal too much of the pie-crust order of detail about them; a criticism which applies also, to some extent, to the facade of the Fine Arts pavilion on the extreme right. In one particular re-

spect we realize that we are here in an exhibition in London and not in Paris, viz. in the scarcity of figure sculpture in the decoration. In the 1900 Paris exhibition the nude figure was to be seen at every turn; figures seated or recumbent on cornices everywhere, in precarious positions, as if blown there by the wind and left where they chanced to fall; but all with a vigor and suppleness of line and modelling that spoke of the artistic instinct of the French decorator, and in curious contrast to the tame and matter-of-fact manner in which figure decoration is used, where it is used at all, at the Shepherd's Bush Exhibition. However, the first court of the exhibition forms a fine piece of architectural scenery and is worth seeing as such. Its defect is the lack of any color; it is too white. The gilding of all the small cupolas would perhaps have been too costly an expedient, but it would have immensely enhanced the total effect.

The special intellectual interest of the exhibition is of course the joint display of French and English sculpture and painting in the Fine Arts pavilion, compared with which every other interest is only secondary. The sculpture is placed in a central hall on the plan of a cross, the French work on the left of the central axis, the English on the right, the picture galleries of the two nations being grouped around and beyond their respective domains in the sculpture hall. Nothing could have been more interesting, or in a sense more instructive, than an opportunity of studying a collection of the best products of French and English sculpture and painting side by side; but unfortunately the representation of the two countries is not sufficiently well balanced to afford a fair standard of comparison. It was no doubt an easier task to get together a representative collection of English art on our own soil than for the French Committee to

send the works of their artists across the Channel; but the result is that England is far more favorably represented than France. On the English side of the Sculpture Hall are collected a considerable number of the best sculptural works of late years, and this can hardly be said of the collection on the French side. Falguière and M. Mercié are inadequately represented; M. Alfred Boucher also; M. Jean-Boucher not at all; Gérôme only by a bronze equestrian statuette of Napoleon—a splendid little work certainly, but not an example of what Gérôme could do in sculpture; and Carpeaux's group of Ugolino is hardly a happy example of his genius. The result is an impression that French and English sculpture, as represented here, are pretty evenly balanced as to genius; but could we have seen on the French side such works as Carpeaux's *La Danse*; Falguière's *Juno*; Jean-Boucher's *Antique et Moderne*; Bartholomé's pathetic group of the man and woman looking into the tomb (the central group of the *Monument aux Morts*); Mercié's monument to Alfred de Musset, and a dozen others that might be mentioned, there would have been a different story to tell. In regard to painting the discrepancy is still greater. The English galleries contain one of the finest, most varied, and most typical collections of modern English painting that have ever been got together; not to speak of a very fine collection of water colors also, an art of which the French show nothing, and have in fact very little to show. Moreover, the English Committee had the fortunate idea of exhibiting in two or three special rooms a selection of the works of deceased English painters, both recent and earlier, which forms one of the most interesting portions of the exhibition. The French have a few works of their artists of the early and middle nineteenth century, but they are not collected together so as

to make a special feature, nor do they form a very typical selection. There is, it is true, one splendid Troyon (forming a pendant to an equally fine example of M. Harpignies); but neither the name of Diaz nor Théodore Rousseau appear, and no one need think they get any notion of such a grand landscape-painter as Dupré from the two small pictures by him that are exhibited; and as to Puvis de Chavannes it is absolutely melancholy to think that English visitors should get their only idea of him from his unfortunate *Décollation de Saint Jean-Baptiste* (probably an early work). Nor are the living artists more satisfactorily represented. Instead of any one of M. Gervais' great works we have only an insignificant portrait by him; neither MM. Didier-Pouget nor Quignon appears among landscape painters; the semi-nude figure entitled *Beauté* is hardly a typical example of M. Henri Martin; and M. Carolus-Duran is not shown at his best. And one is almost as much inclined to complain of what is there as of what there is not. Some of the worst pictures are among the largest. What is the credit to French Art of such a huge piece of commonplace as M. Detaille's *Victimes du Devoir*?

In one point, however, the French picture galleries score heavily over ours—in their decorative treatment; and the difference is one which is unfortunately characteristic of the two nations. The English galleries, it is understood, were got up under the direction of the Royal Academy, who apparently could think of nothing better than covering the walls with a dull red, and finishing them with a very ordinary plaster cornice. Go into the French galleries, and you find a delicate diaper on the walls and a fine bold frieze at the top made up of gilt "swags" and festoons; the whole aspect of the galleries is refined and decorative, in strange con-

trast to the crude and coarse effect of the English galleries; a contrast not creditable to us. A redeeming point is that the English are certainly better lighted than the French galleries; the skylight draping in the latter is overdone, and the effect of the pictures somewhat dulled in consequence.

Taking the sculpture as it stands, we have the rather unexpected result that the English collection shows a larger proportion of works of subjective interest, of intellectual suggestion beyond mere modelling, than the French, though the case would be certainly reversed if French sculpture were as well represented as English. There is perhaps nothing among the French sculpture exhibited so poetically suggestive as Mr. Colton's *Crown of Love*, nothing so full of historical point and individual character as Mr. Reynolds-Stephens's *A Royal Game*. Chapu's kneeling figure of *Jeanne Darc*¹ is beautiful in pose and in the fine type of the head, but it has no special character; it might be any handsome woman in trouble. On the other hand there is an elevation of style in the nude figures, such as M. Sicard's *Baigneuse* and M. Marqueste's *Hébé* with the eagle, and M. Mercié's *David après le Combat* (in one of the picture galleries), which makes most of the English nudes look tame and commonplace. Among the most powerful works on the French side of the gallery is M. Alfred Boucher's *A la Terre*, the colossal nude figure of a laborer digging, which was in the Salon two or three years ago. The difference between the largeness of manner in French sculpture as compared with English may be noted in comparing M. Mathurin-Moreau's *Sommeil* with Mr. Walker's *Sleep*, both of them nude groups of mother and infant sleeping; the latter is a charming work, but it

rather suggests the nursery; the French sculptor's group has the large abstract manner which suggests the ideal type of life. Among other works on the French side the Luxembourg lends us one of its most remarkable modern works, M. Sicard's *Edipus and the Sphinx*; and those who have not seen it before should not miss M. Puech's poetic fancy *La Seine* (also from the Luxembourg), where the river is symbolized by a recumbent nude figure in alto-relief, the decorative semblance of Paris in bas-relief forming the background. It was exhibited at the Salon a good many years ago, and bought by the Government.²

But the glory of the Art collection lies in the galleries of English painting, of which one cannot speak without a certain enthusiasm. The two rooms devoted to deceased British artists contain, among other things, Gainsborough's incomparable portrait called *The Blue Boy* and his *Lady Bate Dudley*; some fine examples (though not quite equal to these) of Reynolds; Burne-Jones's *Chant d'Amour*, his best work; Albert Moore's *The Quartette*, the most perfect example of his peculiar type of decorative art; Romney's *Lady Hamilton at the Spinning Wheel*, and Rossetti's *The Blessed Damozel*, each among the painter's best works; Walker's *The Plough*, perhaps his finest picture; Lewis's *In the Bey's Garden*; and two or three very fine examples of Watts, though not one of his greatest works. Among the painters of the last generation, perhaps none holds his place so well as Millais. His *Over the Hills*, which I had not seen for some years, seems finer than ever, and shows how a painting on which the highest pains

¹ Perhaps English artists might take the opportunity this exhibition affords of knowing a little more about contemporary French sculptors than they do at present. I sat opposite two Royal Academicians at a public dinner, one a sculptor and the other an architect, neither of whom had ever heard of the name or works of M. Puech, one of the most prominent and most gifted of modern French sculptors.

² The form "Jeanne d'Arc," which the modern French writers persist in, as if she were a lady of family, is of course absurd. Balzac writes "Jeanne Darc" in the one reference to her I have noticed in his works.

have been bestowed will keep its place in virtue of that kind of genius which consists (in part at least) in the infinite capacity for taking pains. In the room devoted to the works of living artists we have an example of the modern Scottish school of landscape in *The Storm*, by Mr. W. McTaggart, R.S.A. (lent by Mr. Carnegie); a landscape splashed rather than painted, with a certain boldness and vigor; but will this, like *Over the Hills*, hold its own and be returned to with admiration thirty or forty years after its date? I trow not. But Millais's *Autumn Leaves* is more than conscientious work; it is an inspiration in color and poetic feeling, and it is as such and as a whole that it must be judged, not picked to pieces in detail. Those who wonder why the faces of the girls are so dark ("dirty" they were called when it was first painted) do not recognize that they are parts of the rich solemn harmony of the whole, including that deep purple distance; Millais was not going to have them making light spots in his composition. A picture that I met again with great interest is Falconer Poole's *Seventh Day of the Decameron*, exhibited many years ago at the Academy under the title *The Song of Filomena on the Margin of the Beautiful Lake*, and which I have never seen since. Coming to it again one recognizes that the figures are open to criticism; but it is steeped in poetry, and I owe the author of it for a youthful day-dream. Figures were not Poole's strong point; he painted landscapes with a meaning in them, not understood of the people, and hence he was never a popular painter; he should have been represented by *A Lion in the Path*, a grand work in which the landscape itself seemed to threaten like the lion. It hung in the large room at the Academy many years ago, nor have I ever seen it since. What has become of it?

Then there is Leighton's beautiful work, *Summer Moon*, hanging just by Millais's landscape—as a poetic conception perhaps the most perfect thing he ever did, with an almost Greek reticence and completeness about it both in color and design. (I remember hearing it referred to by a spectator, the year it was first exhibited, as "that pre-Raphaelite thing.") No one, I suppose, would attempt to paint such a picture nowadays; it is not ugly enough. It is significant to notice that, with such a work as that hanging a few yards off, the critic of a certain influential paper could find nothing better to single out for enthusiasm than Mr. Orpen's *The Valuers*, a study of two or three figures of the meanest and most repulsive types of humanity. Is that our progress during the last forty or fifty years, according to the contemporary "art critic"? From Millais's landscape to Mr. McTaggart's splashes; from Leighton's *Summer Moon* to Mr. Orpen's *Valuers*? A pretty descent in the period! These amateurs of the ugly and repulsive remind one of Mephistopheles' contemptuous gibe at the habits of mankind, in the *Prologue in Heaven*—

In jeden Quark begräbt er seine Nase.

However, thank goodness, there is not much of the New English Art Club element in this fine and representative collection of the work of living English painters. Not a few are represented each by almost his best work. Mr. Sargent certainly, by his two grand portrait groups—that with the pearl necklace in it, and that with the great yellow jar (though I do not see how the lady's face in the latter can show light against the sky); Sir E. Poynter by the finest of his large pictures, *Atalanta's Race*, and by that remarkable little work, *The Sirens* (or *The Storm Nymphs*, as it was originally called), a masterpiece of drawing which, as such,

will always keep its place; Mr. Holman Hunt by *The Pot of Basil* (not forgetting also that beautiful little work, *Morning Prayer*); Mr. Tuke by his best work, *The Diver*. Then there is Mr. Orchardson's *The Borgia*; Mr. Somerscales's first exhibited sea-painting, *Corvette Shortening Sail*; two of the finest of Sir L. Alma-Tadema's works; Mr. Leslie's *In Time of War*, the best example of his later style; and perhaps the very best of Mr. Adrian Stokes's landscapes, exhibited at the Academy a good many years ago under the title (I think) *Changing Pasture*; here called simply *French Landscape*. It is that in a double sense; it is a landscape of the French school, and the best French school; and those who would realize what *style* in landscape means should look at the treatment of nature in this painting; the broad and perfectly effective manner in which the long meadow grass (*laetæ scopetes*) and the blowing of the wind over it are indicated, without the slightest realism; the consentaneous movement of grass, trees, and cattle, all in one direction, giving such a unity of expression to the picture. It is one of the best landscapes ever exhibited at the Academy, and it is a satisfaction to meet it again.

Style in landscape is shown, too, with equal perfection in the largest of the works of M. Harpignies in the French picture-galleries, in which, as has been said, the selection is less typical and representative than in the English galleries. There are a good many things one does not care much for, and there are eminent painters who are not represented by their best works. Henner, however, appears to advantage in one of his earlier nudes, *Jeune Fille endormie*, painted before he lapsed into that exaggeration of Hennerism in which his figures look as if, like the Velled Prophet of Khorassan, they had been dissolved in a nitric acid bath. Among pictures to be noticed is M. Albert

Maignan's grand work *Eve et le Serpent*, not only as a remarkable conception, with its iridescent serpent with the human torso and head, but as a fine example of style. The nude figure of Eve, it will be observed, does not attempt realism either in finish or texture; the figure and the details are all harmonized down to a unity of effect, and the picture is a fine piece of color, one of the best in that sense in the French galleries. Color has been the difficulty with M. Emile Friant's large picture *Douleur*, which no one can miss, and in which all the figures are clad in deep mourning. M. Friant, who is always worth attention, seldom paints on so large a scale as this, and perhaps this would have done better on a smaller scale; yet it seems to me now, as it did when I first saw it at the Salon, one of the most pathetic of modern pictures dealing with scenes in real life. It is now apparently in the Museum at Nancy, and must, therefore, have been a Government purchase. Among other pictures that should not be passed over are M. Humbert's portraits, especially *Miles Legrand* and the singularly spirited and characteristic portrait of M. Jules Lemaitre; Delaunay's *La Peste*, an allegorical picture of the old school, interesting on that account, and as representing a class of picture and a style of execution much esteemed in their day and entirely *passé* now; and Delacroix's *Mirabeau et de Brézé*, an historical picture of a past generation which still keeps its place, and always will, for its dramatic realization of the situation and of the principal actor in the scene.³ Those who do not know the work of M. Joseph Bail, that masterly painter of interiors, should not pass over the pictures by

³ It was, perhaps, just this kind of dramatic element in his work which puzzled and alarmed the men of Delacroix's own generation. It seems odd now, but it is the fact, that Delacroix in his own day was considered as a dangerous innovator, who was breaking away from the old traditional classic formulae of historical painting.

him, though they do not represent the best that he has done; nor is M. Paul Chabas's *Joyeux Ebats*, from a recent Salon, quite one of his best works, but it gives an idea of the work of a painter who has made a style of his own, and whose picture in this year's Salon has already been mentioned in these pages as perhaps the most perfectly-balanced work of the year. M. Tattégren, also, a painter of great and very versatile powers, is shown to advantage in his seashore scene *L'Epave* (a much better work than his larger shipwreck picture). M. Hébert's *Le Matin et le Soir de la Vie* was exhibited a great many years ago at the Royal Academy, I think under the title *Youth and Age*, when it made an impression on me which renewed acquaintance does not quite ratify. It is painted in a somewhat loaded manner, and is perhaps a little theatrical, though it is a powerful work in the style of a past generation. And if the visitor wishes to realize to what depths of vulgarity the vagaries of the "New Salon" can descend, he can have an object lesson in the preposterous and impudent scrawl by M. Willette called *Parce Domine*; apparently a coarse satire on modern life. It is to be hoped that the Committee of the French Section are ashamed of it, as they have skied it. At the New Salon, a year or two ago, it hung on the line, and it is an instance of what journalistic art-criticism has come to with us, that this vulgar caricature (looking like a *Punch* picture magnified to the *n*th power) was praised in some of the leading English journals as a remarkable picture. Apparently nothing is too ugly and *outré* for the modern art-critic; that it should be ugly and *outré* seems, in fact, to be a positive recommendation.

A general retrospective glance over the whole comparative show of paintings leads to the conclusion that in the eighteenth century, and in the lat-

ter part of the nineteenth, the English painters were, and that on the whole they are now, better colorists than the French. There was a ghastly interval, no doubt, when the pictures of the elder Leslie, and MacIise, and Ward, and Landseer, passed for color;⁴ and even the early works of the P.R.B. produced on Philip Hamerton's clever French wife, when she accompanied him to England, a feeling which she could only compare to "setting one's teeth into unripe fruit." But looking round the walls at the Franco-British Exhibition, and taking the average of the two collections, it seems to me that there is better color, and more of the sense of color harmony, on this side of the Channel than on the other.

It is worth while to give a glance at the architectural designs to be found in a narrow gallery in each suite. The two collections are characteristic of the two nations. The French architects can hardly be got to exhibit drawings of the current architecture of the day. They produce much finer and larger drawings than are usually produced in England, but these are chiefly of restorations of ancient buildings, or highly worked-up illustrations of them, many of the latter being made for the archives of the "Commission des Monuments Historiques." That is always the defect of the architectural gallery at the annual Salons; you get very little idea from it of the architecture in progress at the moment. On the other hand, at the Academy, hardly anything is supposed to be exhibited in the architectural room except drawings of buildings executed, or in contemplation; and at the Franco-British Exhibition there is quite a representative collection of drawings of the principal English buildings recently completed,

⁴ This with all deference to Landseer's great and incontestable powers as an animal painter. But his sense of color was truly Early-Victorian. And, after all, M. Almé Morot's lion in the Franco-British Gallery would eat up any possible lion of Landseer's.

or intended to be carried out. There are illustrations of a good deal of what is going on in London in the way of new street architecture, as well as of such public buildings as the Victoria and Albert Museum, the London County Hall, the Cardiff Town Hall, the new Wesleyan Methodist Hall at Westminster, and other large and important buildings. The collection gives a pretty good *résumé* of what is being done in English architecture, public and domestic, at present. As far as public architecture is concerned, it shows that classic architecture, or architecture based on classic forms, is in the ascendant at present; and there are some signs that new combinations may be evolved from it. For public buildings revived Gothic is entirely at a discount now. And if there must be a revived style, there can be little doubt that the classic type of architecture is more suited to modern public buildings in England than the Gothic, both as regards practical requirements and sentiment. Our civilization and habits of life are much nearer to those of the Roman or Renaissance periods than to those of mediæval life. There may, no doubt, be such a thing as a modern style evolved which is dependent upon neither form of precedent. But it must be acknowledged that there is not much sign of it in the architectural exhibits at Shepherd's Bush.

Among the more important erections in the grounds is the "Ville de Paris" pavilion, built for the special exhibition of the Municipality of Paris, and no doubt designed by one of their official architects. Almost needless to say, it is one of the best designed structures in the exhibition; refined classic architecture with some good decorative use of modelled figures in the round and in bas-relief. But, alas! the "Ville de Paris" is hopelessly unpunctual. In the Dublin exhibition they had their

own pavilion, which, a month after the opening of that exhibition was still closed; and at the time this is written, more than two months after the official opening, the "Ville de Paris" pavilion is still not ready. Whenever its doors are opened, it will probably be found to be one of the most interesting special exhibitions in the place. Meantime, we can take a glance at the French and English pavilions of "Applied Arts." The contents of these do not exactly bear out their name. With one important exception (to be noted just now) they do not represent the work of artists in applied art. If they did, we should feel (patriotically) happier. For no nation is now producing such good work, in such things as jewelry and silversmith's work, as English artists such as Mr. Fisher, Mr. Nelson Dawson, Miss Steele, and others are doing, combining so much invention with such pure taste. The jewelry of Lalique, about which so much fuss has been made lately, exquisite as it is in execution, is false and tawdry in taste compared with the best English work; the trail of the *art de Paris* is over it all. But it is not in these pavilions that we shall find the jewelry or silver work of the artist. These are *shop* exhibitions; the productions of such firms as Christofle, and Barbédienne, and Mappin and Webb. But it is worth while comparing the results, which are significant. In the French pavilion the one quality which seems to be aimed at before anything else is what may be called movement of line—all things are twisted, convoluted, restless in outline and detail. This is an element of vulgarity, but it cannot be denied that there is a pervading quality of cleverness, of a certain "go" about it. In the English pavilion we do not find this element of vulgarity; there is, in a sense, better taste, but unhappily the good taste is entirely of a negative order; the designs are abso-

lutely dull and commonplace. They look as if they might have been designed by machinery, and that at all events cannot be said of the French work. The latter includes some finely modelled bronzes, too, replicas of statuary; and Barbédienne's miniature reproductions of the works of Barye, the great animal sculptor, are distinctly good. But the curious thing is that amid all this shop work there is one unpretending case, which no one looks at, containing purely artistic work of the highest class, exhibited by the French "Administration des Monnaies et Médailles." Let visitors to the French Applied Art pavilion look at this work, at the exquisite art displayed in the modelling of the medals by MM. Chaplain, Roty, Bottée, Cariat, and others of the French medal engravers—sculptors on a minute scale—work worth all the other exhibits in the room put together. The right place for such a collection would have been in the sculpture hall, not in a trade exhibition.

The British Textiles pavilion does not show much in the way of artistic work. It is worth notice how far more artistic are the patterns of Manchester goods prepared for the half-civilized races than those for home use. Almost the only two artistic stuffs of the kind are on lay figures of Indian wearers; home taste seems to be content with simple stripes and checks. Among the contents of this pavilion is a little historic exhibition of dresses during the last century, enabling us to realize the hideousness of the mid-Victorian costume, and to see how Emma Woodhouse would have been dressed when she went out to dinner at Randalls. One or two of the dresses of that early Nineteenth Century period are very pleasing, and say much for the taste of the day. Nor does the Women's Work pavilion display anything very noticeable in the way of

artistic design; but it presents a contrast between French and English work in one instance, which is characteristic. There is an exhibit of dresses by one or two London firms, which impress one as made of very handsome materials cut into a satisfactory shaping; but in the dresses exhibited by a Biarritz firm one is not struck either by the richness of the materials or by any particular line that the eye can single out, but by a charm which seems undefinable, and to be the result of a kind of happy inspiration rather than of formal design. The contrast is rather a parallel one with that between the contents of the English and French Applied Art pavilions, and serves again to illustrate contrasts of national character and taste.

The Colonial pavilions contain only displays of useful products, and it is curious to observe how completely the artistic instinct, in the method of displaying them and of decorating the buildings, seems wanting here. We have triumphal arches of wool from Australia, for instance; and the attempts of Canada to treat the interior of her pavilion in a decorative manner are the worse for their very pretentiousness, and remind one of that dreadful trophy arch which Canada was allowed to erect in Whitehall at the period of the Coronation. The sense of Art will dawn on the Colonial mind some day, no doubt, but the time is not yet.

However, we must not be too superior, for we can be as Philistine ourselves in other ways. Music is also an art, and there are one or two good bands in the grounds. That they should, for the most part, play very poor music is perhaps only what was to be expected in a place of public entertainment in this country. But there is worse than that to be charged against them. One day I heard from a distance the familiar strains of the

opening of the *finale* to the C minor Symphony, started by the band in front of the Fine Art pavilion, and moved nearer to hear what they made of it. The first thirty or forty bars were played, as far as the end of the intermediate subject (the unison passage leading up to it being absolutely vulgarized by the omission of the *contra tempo* accent which gives it all its force); the principal "second subject" was omitted entirely, and a jump made to a few bars of the *prestissimo* pas-

The Nineteenth Century and After.

sage at the end, which concluded the performance. No one seemed disturbed; no one offered to throw anything at the bandmaster's head. Is such a piece of Vandalism possible in another European country? No; when we can thus hear Beethoven's grandest *finale* reduced to a *pot-pourri*—butchered to make a British holiday—we realize, in spite of the word "Franco-British," that we are in England—very much in England.

H. Heathcote Statham.

SIXTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS.

SOME PASSAGES BY THE WAY

I.

MY START IN LIFE

In the course of a lecturing tour which befell eight years ago, announcement in the local papers that I was to visit Gloucester brought me a letter from an unknown correspondent urgently asking for an interview. Having half an hour to spare, I called and heard the interesting disclosure that I, as head of the Hereford branch of the Lucy family, am the rightful owner of Charlecote.

I bore the news with philosophical calmness, but was interested in the voluminous notes of pedigree my friend in his zeal had acquired. They showed, what is an uncontested fact, that in the year 786 George Lucy of Charlecote died childless. There was much hunting for the heir, resulting in the claim of a Mr. Hammond, a second cousin of the late lord of Charlecote, being conceded. Whereupon he, by sign manual, took the name of Lucy. According to my informant, my forbears, then living in Ledbury, whose church still shelters monuments to dead-and-gone Lucys, should have fought for their own. Probably in those days of slack intercommunication they never heard of the

sudden death of the intestate owner of Charlecote. However it be, I must leave the responsibility with them.

I was born at Crosby, near Liverpool, on December 5. It is characteristic of the haphazard ways of the household to which I was introduced that it is at this time uncertain whether the year was 1844 or 1845. With old-age pensions in view, I begin to think it must have been 1844. Crosby at that time was a rural village. Certainly there was a garden attached to our house, as I remember my mother telling me how my father used to carry me round it, picking for me the largest strawberries.

Even at the time this was told me I thought it notable, since it was about all he ever did for me. An engraver in the watch trade, admittedly of great taste and skill, he never within my knowledge was capable of making both ends meet. His father was a well-to-do old gentleman with a large family, amongst whom on his death he equally divided his fortune. I do not remember the legacy making any appreciable difference in our household. Probably it was mortgaged in advance. My grandfather lived in a terrace of white houses at Seacombe, facing the river

and Liverpool. I recollect only once finding myself in his august presence. He was sitting at one side of the fireplace (left-hand side going in), a prim gentleman dressed in black, with a white neck-cloth and a chilling aspect. On the other side of the fireplace sat an old lady, also bolt upright, in a black gown, with a colossal white cap on her head, on the whole of a kindlier aspect.

There came to me in due order of bequeathal their portraits, painted more than a hundred years ago by a master-hand. They hang in our dining-room in London, and follow the comings and goings of their grandson with wondering eyes. My grandfather put me through a tremendous examination, chiefly in arithmetic, and when it was over gave me fourpence. From the length of the examination I expected at least half a crown. As it turned out, fourpence was the kinder gift. At that time there was stationed at the approach to St. George's Landing Stage at Liverpool a man with a truck on which was displayed a tempting array of a compound resembling very stiff batter pudding. Grayish-white in hue, here and there a raisin was ostentatiously stuck on the surface. It was sold in slabs, a penny each. Passing homeward, I invested half my capital in this nameless substance. I was dreadfully ill after eating it, and see now the finger of Providence in my grandfather's restraint from opulent generosity. If he had given me the half-crown and I had bought fifteen pennyworth of this stuff, my career, not yet started, would never have been run. "Called hence by early doom," I should have "lived but to show how sweet a flower in Paradise might bloom."

II.

IN THE HIDE AND VALONIA BUSINESS.

That at the age of twelve I should have won the head prize in a school of

five hundred boys demonstrated that there was nothing further for me to learn. Accordingly, thus mature in years, I entered the office of Messrs. King & Son, stock and share brokers, Liverpool, at the weekly wage of 3s. 6d.

I have often wished I had stayed longer in this office. Acquaintance with stockbroking and the ways of the Stock Exchange forms a useful addition to general knowledge. It certainly would have been much more valuable than the insight into the hide and valonia business I next had an opportunity of acquiring. My Stock Exchange connection was prematurely cut short by a failing never eradicated. I had to be at the office by nine o'clock, and I rarely was. After one or two remonstrances, Mr. King gave me a week's notice. Thus was I shipwrecked on the very threshold of life. I remember, walking home on the last night of my engagement, coming up with another little office-boy also homeward bound. We did not know each other, had never been introduced, but, after the manner of boys, fell into conversation and exchanged confidences. I was sad at heart comparing my lot with his: he a trusted, probably a treasured, assistant in a commercial house; I disgraced, dismissed with 3s. 6d. in my pocket, and no prospect of any in the following week or in those that would immediately succeed it.

My mother went to my old school-master, who speedily put me on the track of another engagement. This was with Mr. Robert Smith, hide merchant. Mr. Smith was a deacon at the Crescent Chapel and a member of the school committee, a noteworthy man who, directly and indirectly, had considerable influence on my life. His office was in Redcross Street, a worm-eaten, rat-haunted place in a courtyard near the docks. On one side stood the warehouse, an old building which dated back almost to the founding of Liver-

pool's fortunes. It has disappeared long ago; probably fell down, as the workmen used to tell me it certainly would.

Mr. Smith was not in a large way of business, and the clerical staff was limited. There was an old gentleman, formerly a prosperous hide merchant, who had come down in the world, and was glad to take the 30s. or 40s. a week offered him by the frugal Smith. I always had a notion, of course purely imaginative, that poor old Tunstall when he took service had promised to bring over some of the customers who had contributed to the fortunes of his own house when he was a merchant prince. They never came, and that was a circumstance that did not assist Mr. Smith in overlooking the broken-down old man's habit of midday tipping. He and I shared a desk. Across the waste of years I smell the caraway-seed he assiduously chewed on returning from one of his excursions to report on some cargo of hides he had been examining or valonia he had been sampling.

Between these two men there was a universe of difference. Old Tunstall, with his red nose growing too weak to carry the glasses he wore on its very tip, shambling about the office in his shabby black clothes, pen in hand, crunching his caraway-seed and affecting to be stupendously busy: prim Robert Smith, tall, erect, spotless in his attire—a blue frock coat, buff waistcoat, grey trousers with riding-straps tightly holding them over his square-toed shoes. He was, I think, a kind-hearted man, but he was not genial. When the odor of caraway-seed was exceptionally pungent it was painful to see him cast upon old Tunstall a look of withering indignation, anger, and scorn that made me tremble in my boots. That I wore boots is a fact that proves Mr. Smith was not so tyrannical as memory recalls him. For him-

self he had worn shoes all his life, and he had no patience with people who preferred boots. One recommendation about his shoes he, really anxious for my welfare, pointed out was that, having them made exactly the same shape, he could change them about every morning, and so wear them evenly on sole and heel.

"What do you want with lefts and rights?" he used to ask me, as if I were responsible for the introduction and prevalence of the national custom.

He cherished a deeply rooted objection to the use of envelopes. All the correspondence of the office was carried on upon smooth blue paper of letter size, a make extinct now, I fancy. It was folded over and fastened with a wafer, and woe to me if the corners were not true and square.

Mr. Smith lived in a house facing a pleasant walled garden in Breck Road, now a nest of jerry-built cottages. Office work began at nine in the morning and finished at any time in the evening between six and eight. On Saturday afternoons we were supposed to make holiday. When I first went to Redcross Street it was one of my multifarious duties to walk up to Breck Lodge every Saturday afternoon for clean towels. As it was three miles from the office this pretty well disposed of my half-holiday. Two small towels were doled out to us every week, Mr. Smith, though scrupulously clean himself, not thinking it necessary we should waste his time at the office with undue ablutions. It occurred to me that if I brought down four or six towels at a time I might sometimes have a Saturday afternoon for other purposes. It was long before I carried the point. For years "the boy" had gone on Saturday afternoon to Breck Lodge with two soiled towels, bringing down two clean ones on Monday mornings, and if the rule were broken no one could say what would happen.

Everything in Mr. Smith's house and office went by rule. So abject was the terror in which everyone near him lived that the housekeeper had quite a turn when I broached the subject. A dear old thing was Anne, one of my earliest friends. With a maid-of-all-work and occasional assistance from Joseph, who doubled the functions of gardener and coachman, she managed the household. Her kitchen was a paradise of cleanliness and neatness, with bright brass pans flashing on the walls, and a steel fender, the like of which was never seen on sea or land, gleaming in the firelight. Very early in our acquaintance Anne took to asking me to tea, when I, towel-laden, made my weekly visit; tea with real cream in it, cakes of her own making, bread-and-butter, jam galore, now and then, when fortune favored the hens, an egg.

Joseph was a big, heavy-limbed, red-and-white-faced man, brought from Bolton cheap. He had an ineradicable objection to brushing his boots, whether as to soles or uppers, and as a consequence was never permitted to enter Anne's kitchen. If he had anything to say, he stood at the open door and bawled it out, or made uncouth signs at the window.

It shocked my sense of propriety even in those childhood days to see Joseph sitting behind his master on the dogcart driving down to the office, the one looking as if he had stepped out of an old picture-frame, the other frowsy, unwashed, with garden soil clinging to his boots, and hairs from the horse's coat speckling his garments. Thought and speech came slowly to Joseph, the mechanism being curiously assisted by a habit of unfastening the last two buttons of his waistcoat. As daily life presented many problems, Joseph's waistcoat was rarely fully buttoned, a peculiarity that did not add a touch of smartness. He was, however, a capital gardener, growing

whole beds of sweet-smelling flowers, stocks, sweet Williams, verbenas, wall-flowers, with here and there the glory of a rose-bush. Sometimes when I walked through the garden on the way home and came across Mr. Smith, he would say, "Henery"—he could not make too much of me, so added a syllable to my Christian name—"would you like some flowers?"

I would indeed. So we walked round the garden, and he picked out all the full-blown roses on the verge of dissolution and any other flowers the judicious cutting of which would improve root or bush. Though on beneficence bent, Mr. Smith ever had a frugal mind. His fitful generosity rose to reckless heights when, at the close of seven years' service on a very miserable salary (quite as much as I was worth in the hide and valonia line), he, as a parting gift, presented me with a five-pound note and some books. In view of the act of grace he went about his library on the principle that guided his steps in the garden—weeding it out, as it were. The volumes, being chiefly of a theological character, made quaint additions to my treasured possessions. But a book is a book, and I was glad to have these, just as I was really grateful for the faded flowers.

Seven years I served Mr. Smith. How I managed to stay and how he managed to keep me are alike inexplicable.

"I like the smell of a good hide, Henery," he sometimes said, regarding me with stern reproach.

On my soul and conscience I could make no sympathetic response, for I hated the smell and loathed the touch. Almost worse was the valonia. This, I may mention for the guidance of the uninitiated, is a tanning substance imported from the Levant, in appearance something like the acorn, with a supernatural capacity for creating dust. We had many samples in the office

spread out on brown paper on a broad desk close by mine. I suspected at the time, and am now certain, that when Mr. Smith came up to this desk, got hold of a sample of valonia, shook it violently about and buried his face in the cloud of dust by way of smelling it, he was thinking more of me than of the quality of the valonia he affected to test. He knew I was privately possessed of a duster with which, when left in the office by myself, I used to free my desk from the abominated dust. He did not mean it unkindly. It was discipline intended for my good here and hereafter.

III.

POETRY AND PHONOGRAPHY

The weakness that proved my ruin at Messrs. King's was not overcome by the consequent disaster. I was rarely at Redcross Street by nine o'clock, which did not matter if Mr. Smith had not arrived. Sometimes he had, and, as I had to pass his private office on the way to my desk, I caught sight of a visage clothed in simply blood-curdling wrath. His habit was to sit in his room with his door closed, but he never failed to have it wide open when he was there first and I late. I believe he, at whatever sacrifice of personal convenience, made these occasional nine-o'clock raids in order to cause me righteous uneasiness on approaching the office after nine o'clock, uncertain whether he might have arrived. In later years he devised a more ingenious and, for him, more luxurious way of doing his duty to me in this respect. He asked me to breakfast at Breck Lodge, and as the time was eight o'clock, it practically came to pass that I was obliged to be in evidence fully an hour before the ordinary office time. Many a miserable night I spent in anticipation of the necessity of breakfasting at Breck Lodge at eight in the morning.

I seem to have been nearly always in disgrace, earliest of all in connection with the old warehouse in Redcross Street. From the topmost floor on the fifth story there projected a crane with a long chain and a gigantic hook at the end. This was designed to haul up bales of hides or sacks of valonia for storage in the various rooms. I spent a good deal of time in this old warehouse on friendly terms with the men. When they were lowering bales or sacks I was accustomed, being in the yard, to plant a foot in the hook, fold one leg round the returning chain, and, gripping it with both hands, triumphantly ascend. Once, when I had got as far as the third story and was still slowly ascending, I heard a familiar footstep in the arched passage that led into the yard. Presently Mr. Smith emerged, and stood staring at me. Of course I could not descend. The men were working on the topmost story and the winch seemed to be hauling very slowly. As I turned round and round like a goose on a turnspit I caught glimpses far below of a terrible face regarding me. He did not say a word, but stood there till I was safely landed. Then his voice rang out sharp as a pistol-shot. "Henery!" he called, and, turning, walked with long stride up the steps to his office, where I presently followed and had a very bad quarter of an hour.

His wrath, fortunately, had time to cool before another accident befell me in the very same yard. I was always fond of a horse and would ride anything. When there was nothing else available I used to mount the leading horse of the team taking out a load or an empty cart from the warehouse. Egress to the street was obtained through a narrow covered passage with just room enough for the massive lorries, as they were called, to pass in and out, with space for a chance passer-by if he didn't mind squeezing himself

against the wall. One afternoon, mounted on the leading horse of a loaded lorry, I had ridden midway down the passage, when Mr. Smith suddenly turned the corner from the street and approached the yard. If I could have got inside the horse I would have done so. Failing that, there was nothing but to go forward, and as Mr. Smith drew himself up against the wall for the team to pass, my foot almost impinged on the purity of his buff waistcoat.

What an expressive face he had! I have never before or since seen anyone who could look so eloquently angry and speak never a word. He had a lovely chestnut mare. Bess was her name, and many a gallop I have had with her. When we left Redcross Street and went to King Street there were no stables attached to the office. Mr. Smith coming down in the morning, it fell to my lot, amongst multifarious duties much less agreeable, to take the mare to the livery stable. Riding or driving we ever reached our destination by a circuitous route, and had to go pretty fast, as prolonged absence might have led to awkward inquiries.

On Fridays the local hide market was held in a street out of London Road. Mr. Smith rode down to the office about ten o'clock to read the letters, and then proceeded to the market. In the meantime I was told off to "mind the mare," which, construed by a well-regulated mind, meant walking her up and down the street for a quarter or sometimes half an hour. I never took that view of my duty. As soon as Mr. Smith was safely in his room immersed in his letters, I shortened the stirrups, got some passer-by to give me a leg-up, and was off at a smart trot, past the Custom House and up Duke Street, a broad and comparatively quiet thoroughfare where there was opportunity for a spanking trot. I managed to get back

in good time, lengthened the stirrups, and when Mr. Smith came down to set off for the hide market nothing save a tendency to hard breathing on the part of Bess hinted at occurrence of any impropriety.

One morning catastrophe befel. Either I went too far or the correspondence was unusually brief. However it be, Mr. Smith came down, and I was unfortunately somewhere near the top of Duke Street, a good mile and a half off, riding back rapidly but still too late. When I reached King Street, Mr. Smith, after, as I heard, fuming terribly, had taken a cab and gone off to the market. When he came back, a good hour later, I was quietly leading Bess up and down. He gave me one of his withering glances, but as usual did not speak. The warehouseman was sent down to relieve me. I went upstairs, sat at my desk, and became terribly busy. A terrible voice, three-syllabled in its wrath, called out "Henery!"

"Henery," he said, when I went in to him, "do you want to leave my service?"

"No, sir," I answered.

"Then don't do that again." And there the conversation ended.

There was nearing the severance of my companionship with Bess and the beginning of my connection with hides and valonia. One day there joined the little office staff a young giant, Fred Gough by name. He was the son of a tanner, one of our customers. With the family Mr. Smith cultivated friendly relations which in later years culminated in his marrying Fred's widowed mother. A good-natured, hearty, genial fellow was Fred, gifted with a fine bass voice. In occasional moments of relaxation, when Mr. Smith was on afternoon "Change," good for an hour's absence, we used to draw round the fireplace and Fred sang "The Wolf" and other songs of tremendous

volume. By a pleasant fiction, he was understood to be my junior. When I saw him stand on a chair and with perfect ease wind the clock over the fireplace I felt my occupation was gone. It was only by planting two press-letter books on the loftiest stool in the office that I was able through a long series of Monday mornings to wind the clock.

Fred immediately forestalled me in the matter of looking after Bess. He took her to the livery stable in the morning and rode her home to Breck Lodge on the occasional evening when Mr. Smith was going straight from the office to a tea-party or a prayer meeting.

What was even more important was that Fred's appearance in the office crushed out the last hope or opportunity of my promotion. There was a time when—Heaven help me!—I quite resigned myself to hides and valonia, was even eagerly looking forward to promotion, which, if it had come, would have satisfied my aspirations. Shortly after we removed from the musty warehouse to King Street poor old Tunstall broke down and quitted a world that had grown a homeless place for him. This left a clerical staff composed of the gentleman who combined the functions of cashier and bookkeeper and myself. Mr. Raleigh—George Gordon Raleigh was his full name, possessing a sonority which had a great charm for my ear—elected to take Tunstall's place, going out into dank cellars, sniffing at hides, and burying his nose in valonia dust as he had seen Mr. Smith do. Thus the way was open for me to Raleigh's place, and I cherished the hope that it was to be mine. This was encouraged by two circumstances. One was that a boy was engaged to do some of my work, and I did all Raleigh's. I kept the books, made out the invoices, and had daily charge of considerable sums of money. I toiled terribly, coming down with preternatural

punctuality at nine o'clock in the morning, staying at my desk till seven or eight at night.

Mr. Smith, to do him justice, never said a word to encourage my delusion, and did not increase by a penny the wage I was receiving, by this time risen by slow gradations to the princely sum of ten shillings a week, peradventure twelve and sixpence. I was patient, always naturally inclined to hope for the best and believe in the brightest. For six months I literally slaved at work which had in some measure lost its uncongeniality in presence of greater responsibility and the prospect of promotion. One morning—a Monday morning it was, I remember—there walked into the office a gentleman with sallow face and long red hair lavishly oiled. He went into Mr. Smith's room. Presently Mr. Smith brought him out to the desk at which I was struggling with a day-book nearly as big as myself, and told me in his prim matter-of-fact way that this was Mr. Blossom, and that Mr. Blossom would take Mr. Raleigh's place.

Dear old Blossom, kindest of natures, best of bookkeepers, was a man of cultured mind and artistic taste, bubbling over with humor, with keenest, never-ending delight in Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness. If I could, without inconvenience to anybody else, have shot him dead on the spot, I believe I should have done so. In view of all the circumstances, I made believe that it was, as our mutual friend Mr. Toots used to say, "of no consequence," straightway moved over bag and baggage to the other side of the desk, and for the remainder of my office experience sat there, helping Blossom to make invoices and jokes. I never said a word to Mr. Smith of protest or reproach. Looking back upon the event now, I recognize in it a course of conduct one would not look for in a deacon. It was unrelieved even by the ten-

dering of a five or a ten-pound note in acknowledgement of at least fifty pounds I had saved him in wages. I now see in it the happiest deliverance that ever befel me. It was not only that I, being almost in the toils, was delivered from the destiny of the commercial clerk, but Jacob, my supplanter, was the very man whose help, often given unconsciously, was of priceless value to me at this juncture. He was an omnivorous reader and a man of pronounced literary taste.

It was no new thing for me to turn my attention towards literature. As soon as I could read I wanted to write, and did so pretty freely. My first serious work, written in my twelfth year, was an essay on King David. Lacking breadth of mind and mature judgment, I was much struck by one side of his character, and that not the most reputable. When after the first month or two in Redcross Street I got on friendly terms with Raleigh, terms that never varied during our long acquaintance, I brought this precious MS. down to the office and inflicted several pages upon him. It was written in a scathing style; the sort of thing that makes one, reflecting in maturer years, glad that King David had passed away so that there was no possibility of his seeing or hearing what I thought of the whole story of his dealings with Uriah the Hittite. Raleigh was, or professed to be, deeply shocked at the free handling of the subject.

My next work was a novel. This was chiefly written in my fourteenth year, and, judging from a fragment I came across many years after, was a particularly base imitation of the worser style of Charles Dickens. I set myself to produce a certain amount of copy every day, or rather every night, for the work was done on my return home from the office. I generally managed in the afternoon, in prolongation of invented inquiry after some invoice

or account, to get down to what was then called "the big" Landing Stage. Walking up and down by the side of the bustling river, I thought out incidents and characters in this masterpiece of fiction covering sufficient ground for the night's writing.

About this time I became possessor of a book that had a marked and permanent influence. I think I owe more to it than to any I ever read. It was Smiles' "Self-Help," and was given to me by Mr. Henry Draper, a tanner from Kenilworth. He was one of Mr. Smith's customers, and sometimes coming in to the office when I was in sole charge used to chat with me on other subjects than hides and valonia. I have the book yet with its inscription written in faded ink. Thirty years later, on board the *Teutonic*, steaming to Portsmouth to take part in the Naval Review in honor of the visit of the German Emperor, I found a fellow-guest in Mr. Smiles. I told him how I had come to read his book, and was glad of the opportunity of expressing the lifelong obligation under which it laid me. I learned from it a lesson verified by subsequent experience, that there is no royal road to any goal worth reaching; that the only effective help is self-help.

Having in the circumstances already related finally convinced myself that there was no room for me in Mr. Smith's office, I returned with more deeply rooted purpose to my old dream of literature. As far as I could see my way, I came to the conclusion that fiction offered the most successful avenue to an established position and ultimate fame. That I should get on somehow I never had the slightest doubt, a confidence not uncommon with boys who think it would be a nice thing to write books. I did not hesitate to say as much to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. I had been reading "The Caxtons," "My Novel," and a series of what I am

afraid are now forgotten essays, "Caxtoniana." I read everything I could get hold of, but hankered after authoritative direction for a course of study. I wrote to Bulwer Lytton asking him to advise me, apologizing for addressing him without being personally acquainted, mentioning in offhand fashion the certainty that some day we should "meet on the ladder of fame." I remember the phrase, because shortly after I had posted the letter it occurred to me that it was maladroitly expressed. Of course, if we were to meet on a ladder, as I would be going up, the author of "My Novel" would be coming down. I do not know whether the same idea struck and affronted Sir Edward Lytton. Certainly he did not answer my letter.

Laying aside the unfinished novel, which I don't think had any plot to speak of, I took to writing short stories, all unknowing that I was attempting what to do well is an exceedingly rare accomplishment. I finished two or three and sent them the dreary round of the magazines, with stamps enclosed and a polite request for the return of the MS. if unsuited, a boon in no single instance refused. The first time I saw myself in print was as a poet. The "Liverpool Mercury" in those days had a Poets' Corner, to which for a year or eighteen months I became an occasional contributor. It was poor stuff, but mine own, and I was much elated to see myself in print with my name fully signed.

Some time before we left Redcross Street, Raleigh had by strategic movements succeeded in getting a daily newspaper taken for office use. He began by paying for it out of his own purse. Then one week, making up the petty cash, he casually slipped in the item, "'Mercury,' 6d." As nothing was said, he boldly went on, and the daily newspaper became an institution. For a long while Mr. Smith loftily ignored

it. Raleigh found an opportunity of explaining that it was necessary by reason of the advertisements of sales. It was therefore suffered, but, regarded as light literature, it was anathema. I do not fancy Mr. Smith read much, and nothing of modern literature, unless the "Evangelical Magazine," taken monthly, came under that denomination. His ignorance of what was going on in the world at the time must have been amazing. Since, however, the newspaper was there, and he was paying for it, he by slow degrees became a reader. He would not take it up in the morning and devour its contents as we did. Sometimes in the afternoon, his soul comforted by a mutton chop brought in from a neighboring eating-house, he would call out, "Henery, let me glance my eye over the 'Merk'ry.'"

That was his way of putting it, and it was not without signification. Abandoned people like myself, or even George Gordon Raleigh, might, setting aside ledgers and invoices, sit over a frivolous newspaper and read it through. For him, with some consciousness that he was dallying with sin, he might in office hours "glance his eye over the paper"—only one eye, observe. I am afraid that his habit of calling me Henery and, by way of compensation, cutting out a syllable from "Mercury" may convey the impression that he was an illiterate man, which was certainly not the case. It was a fashion of pronunciation, perhaps local, but strongly marked.

One afternoon in King Street nearing the time of my deliverance, I heard the sharp, peremptory voice calling out for "the 'Merk'ry.'" It that day had published one of my poetical effusions—a bolder flight than usual, something, I think, in blank verse. I had spent a meagre annual holiday at Buxton, nursing a mighty muse amidst its mist-crowned hills. About this time I discovered Poe and read him with avidity.

My verse was a spasmodic echo of the story of one of the beautiful and mysterious females who occasionally visited in ethereal form the sympathetic poet. It purported to relate how one of these anonymous maidens had looked me up in the loneliness of the Derbyshire hills and in musical language had bidden me be of good cheer, as eventually all would be well. I carried the "Mercury" into Mr. Smith's office with a sickening apprehension that this female would get me into trouble. In about ten minutes I heard the cry, "Henery!" I went into his room. There he sat, with spectacles on his forehead and the "Mercury" in his hand, folded at the place where my verse stood prominent among the news and notes of the day.

"Is this yours?" he said, his small bright eyes fixed upon me with piercing gaze.

It was no use denying, so I boldly avowed it. Refixing his spectacles on his nose, he slowly read out the hapless verse line by line. When he came to anything approaching a trope he inquired "what that meant," and when I explained he asked me, "why I hadn't said so." As for my mysterious maiden, he, so to speak, tore her frail form to shreds.

This lack of sympathy with my literary aspirations was strictly confined to Mr. Smith's room. The outer office was unfeignedly proud of my distinction, and the morning when a flash of my verse illuminated the "Mercury" was always a cheerful time. Blossom called me "The Poet," a name which stuck till I left the office, and was used as constantly and as naturally as if it were my surname. Once Blossom alluding to "the Poet" in a business conversation with one of the tanners, a stalwart giant over six feet high, he looked surprised, and said, "Poet, what poet?"

"That one," said Blossom, pointing

to me with his pen.

"Well," said the giant, looking down on my few inches, "he's certainly not Longfellow."

Good that for a tanner.

One day—I fancy in the spring of 1863—Blossom suggested that he and I should learn shorthand, so, as he put it, we might write notes to each other across the desk at which we sat. Without definite idea whither the step might lead, I agreed. We bought Pitman's elementary books and set to work. We went on with great energy till we had mastered the alphabet and could form words of one syllable almost as fast and nearly as legibly as if they were written in longhand. This point reached, Blossom fell away. I, beginning to see that if I could not vault into literature over a three-volume novel, I might creep into journalism from the reporter's note-book, resolved to go on. It was peculiarly hard work, since, though reading came to me by nature, writing was always laborious, the work ill done. The boy or man who cannot write longhand freely and legibly may never become an adept at shorthand. I never was.

In the spring of 1864, having mastered the science of phonography and convinced myself that with practice I should speedily be able to take a verbatim report of a speech, I resolutely set myself to obtain an engagement as a reporter. I went the round of the Liverpool offices, going first, I think, to the "Mercury," where my halting verse had given me some kind of introduction. The editor was courteous, even kindly, but had nothing for me. Last of all, not in despair, because I meant to go on till I succeeded, I called on Edward Russell, then assistant editor of the "Liverpool Post" in collaboration with its gifted but truculent proprietor, Mr. Whitty. At the outset this interview promised to end as others had done. After some talk Russell

began to display interest in the matter, asked me to attend a public meeting, write a summarized report and submit it to him. This I did, and he was so far satisfied as to tell me that to the first vacancy on the reporting staff I should have a good chance of being appointed. This was great encouragement. But there was a necessary indefiniteness about the arrangement, and whilst it was or was not maturing I looked out in every direction for a chance opening.

In later years I have been the regular recipient of applications from all kinds of people, young and old, who thought that by writing a letter or speaking a word I could forthwith secure their engagement on some first-class journal. It may serve a practical purpose to be precise in detailing the steps by which I finally obtained a footing on the Press. I pegged away making applications whenever I saw an advertisement. If I could not get an opening on a reporting staff, I was ready to take any berth that would open the doors of a newspaper office to me. A corresponding clerk in the office of the "Wolverhampton Chronicle" would not be the rose. But he would be living near it, and I fruitlessly tried for that appointment. I also made formal application for the post of shorthand writer to the Mersey Docks and Harbor Board. The salary was 100*l.* a year, just twice what I was receiving after serving a seven years' apprenticeship to hides and valonia. The providence that shapes our ends would not follow up this particular rough-hewing, and some one sure to be much better qualified for the coveted post secured it.

One day in this month of August I came across an advertisement for a chief reporter on a leading county paper. Considering I had never been even a junior reporter and had absolutely no experience on the Press, this

scarcely seemed addressed to me. Nevertheless I answered it, enclosing a copy of a letter Edward Russell had written to me for use as a reference. This audaciously kind letter settled the business. The leading county paper in search of a chief reporter turned out to be the "Shrewsbury Chronicle," and Mr. John Watton, the proprietor, was in such a hurry to secure at the modest wage of 30*s.* a week the paragon Russell's kindly fancy had painted that he telegraphed an engagement, and urged me to join with the least possible delay.

IV.

FIRST ENGAGEMENT ON THE PRESS

On July 2, 1864, I arrived in Shrewsbury with all my worldly goods in a tin box, bought at a second-hand shop in Dale Street, Liverpool. They did not amount to much. In money I had but a trifle over the five pounds Mr. Smith, in an ungovernable fit of generosity, presented me with. I had no introductions, did not know a soul in the town. I left my luggage at the railway-station and walked along High Street, asking my way to the "Chronicle" office, which I found in a quaint old street that greatly charmed my young fancy. I walked up and down the opposite side once or twice, then, plunging in, announced myself and my engagement. The outer door opened on to a kind of shop that served for the publishing office. Behind the counter was a spectacled man with bushy whiskers, whom I subsequently knew as the publisher. I explained my business. He stared at me for a moment through his glasses; then he said, "Oh!" After which he looked at me again and when the pause was growing embarrassing added, "You'd better come and see Mr. Watton."

He led the way to a room on the right-hand side of the passage, and presented me to the editor and proprie-

tor of the leading county paper. It was an odd coincidence, and I felt it a little discouraging, that Mr. Watton, on my being announced, said "Oh!" in almost the same tone the publisher had adopted, looking me over in the same incredulous and dissatisfied manner. There was no doubt I did not in any degree come up to their ideas of what the chief reporter of a leading county paper should look like. Though turned twenty, I did not look more than sixteen or seventeen. Had I happened to present myself in jacket and trousers I might have passed for a schoolboy.

Some time later, in a moment of confidence, the publisher told me that Mr. Watton was very angry at what he was inclined to regard as an imposition, and resolved forthwith to give me notice. He did not, and when in a surprisingly short time I, having mounted to the dizzy heights of editor and proprietor of another paper, gave him notice, he, not aware of my budding greatness, caused it to be intimated to me in diplomatic fashion that if I were leaving on account of salary the difficulty would be adjusted.

Watton was a curious little man, spare in figure and, I fancied, born old. He came into the property of the "Chronicle" as the son of his father, and, being there, edited the paper. A shy, nervous, restless man, he shut himself up in his room and spoke seldom to any one in the office. There was a sub-editor, a poor fellow dying of consumption, who used to cough terribly on publishing nights. There was a district reporter, stationed at Welshpool, who was wont to cast around Thursday nights, when the paper should go to press, a halo of romantic interest. He usually had the proceedings at a farmers' ordinary to report, a flower show, a cattle show, or a meeting of county Members with their constituents to describe. He was an hon-

est, hard-working Welshman, with a large family and a positive passion for sherry. If he got within reach of a sherry decanter on any of these festive occasions, either his report did not turn up at all, or it arrived opening pretty fairly, gradually deepening into absolute incoherency. Many an hour have I spent trying to make a connected story out of this gentleman's copy, having in the final folios no hints save a few hieroglyphs. When he was very bad indeed he used to drop into Welsh, which for all practical purposes was quite as useful to me as the English which marked the advancing stages of the dinner. He had, I learned, been many years on the paper, and he was there when I left it.

Another person who much impressed me in this my earliest acquaintance with the Press was the overseer of the printing office. His name, when he first came to the office, was Smuth. After a while he took to spelling it Smyth, and when I arrived he had come to be addressed as Mr. Smythe. In personal appearance he was singularly like an elderly Dick Swiveller. The paper coming out on Friday morning, on Saturday he made holiday. He always made a point of swaggering up and down High Street on fine Saturday afternoons, ogling the shop-girls and maid-servants. He wore a frock-coat tightly drawn in at the waist. I believe on Saturdays he secreted stays. His hands were covered with dirty gloves, often yellow, sometimes lavender, in hue. He had a glistening pin fastening a many-colored scarf, displayed under a dirty linen collar. The crowning grace of his figure was a white hat with a deep black band. With this set rakishly over his right ear, and a tasselled cane swinging negligently in his gloved hand, Smythe was a credit to the paper. He was a cheery gentleman, with a loud, somewhat stagey laugh, accompanied by

well-considered flourishes of his right arm and easy bending of his knees. A remarkable character whose individuality remains vividly stamped on my memory.

My first work on the "Chronicle" was a rather serious undertaking. There was an annual review of the Yeomanry, or Militia, at which all the county gathered. Except for the account of a meeting in Liverpool written at Mr. Russell's suggestion, I had never before attempted reporter's work. I got through somehow, as I did with whatever else fell to my share in the miscellaneous work of the office. There was a Tuesday paper, an offshoot of the "Chronicle." It had a single leading article, which Mr. Watton generally wrote himself. After I had been on the staff four or five weeks I wrote one, furtively dropped it in the letter-box, and was greatly elated at finding it in the next issue of the paper. Mr. Watton dissembled his joy, making no reference to the little incident, though he must have recognized the handwriting.

There was at this time in Shrewsbury a miserable little weekly sheet called "The Observer," published on Saturdays, at the price of a penny. It had no leading article, and its local news was "conveyed" from the pages of its more prosperous neighbors. The proprietor was a stationer in High Street, of whose full style, boldly displayed over the window, it will be sufficient to mention the surname, which was Peter. I wrote a column of notes on news, sent it to Peter, and proposed to furnish a similar contribution weekly for a payment of ten shillings. Anxious to meet any particular views he might entertain, I offered to make the contribution either a leader, a column of notes, or a London letter, written, of course, from Shrewsbury. My communication was anonymous, and I asked Peter, if he thought anything of

the project, to address me under certain initials in the correspondence column of his paper. I opened the "Observer" on the following Saturday, and there were my notes on news in the dignity of leader type, and a couple of lines asking "L. H." to call and see the proprietor. The result of this communication was that I became a regular contributor to the editorial column of the "Observer" at a salary of ten shillings a week.

There was nothing particular in the writing except that it dealt with local subjects in a fashion untrammelled by the personal considerations that weigh with the editors and proprietors of newspapers in small country towns. A new system of sewage was at the time greatly agitating the mind of the ratepayers. Simultaneously the Northern and Southern States of America were at each other's throats across the Atlantic. The secret designs of Napoleon III. were not above suspicion. The "Chronicle," having its principal leading article sent down by luggage train from London, was pointed and graphic in its commentary on the latest battle between the Federals and Confederates, and was deep in the mysteries of the mind of Napoleon III. But the people of Shrewsbury primarily wanted to know all about the new sewage system and the proposed Market Hall, and when they found these matters discussed in the columns of the "Observer," with occasional hard raps distributed among disputants on the Town Council, they rushed to buy the paper. Its sale went up in inspiring fashion, and I had the satisfaction of hearing many ask who was the new writer? Peter kept the secret, and so did I. Finally gossip was divided between two well-known local personages, one a stockbroker with a literary turn, the other a militant Nonconformist minister.

Encouraged by this success, I opened

in the same way communications with the proprietor of a paper at Wellington, called the "Shropshire News." After some correspondence, I arranged with him to write a weekly article at the rate of 10s. 6d. a week. Peter, growing rash with the bounding prosperity of the "Observer," proposed that I should write two articles a week, throwing them in for 15s. The "Shropshire News" was published on Thursday, the "Chronicle" on Friday, the "Observer" on Saturday. Thus by working hard—and I liked the work—I managed to keep things going. In addition I was the local correspondent of the principal daily papers in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Leeds. At the end of 1864 I find in the shorthand

The Cornhill Magazine.

diary I then kept a triumphant note showing that I had more than doubled my income, my modest 30s. a week from the "Chronicle" being supplemented by a larger sum made after I had done my office work.

The articles in the "Shropshire News" did not attract so much attention as those in the "Observer," but the proprietor, a sterling, honest man, was satisfied. He, of course, did not know I was the "Observer's" scribe, and once wrote me a kindly note to say that for his part he thought the leaders in the "News" were as good as the "Observer's," indeed he liked them better.

"They are more solid," he dubiously said.

Henry W. Lucy.

(To be continued.)

THE POWER OF THE KEYS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AT HER POST

The hurly-burly was not quite done when Mr. Brooke and Janie met again three months later, but more than one battle had been lost and won in the meantime. Arbuthnot and his wife were at Ranjitgarh, quartered in three little rooms on the ground-floor of the Antony Hospital, and very thankful for the refuge, for the city was under martial law, and European inhabitants unconnected with the military occupation were not encouraged. Janie was employed once more as supernumerary nurse, and her husband had undertaken the charge of the hospital accounts, much to the disgust of the fat Babu who had been steadily accumulating a fortune under the suspicious but necessarily intermittent supervision of Sister M'Kay. An ex-policeman to scrutinize his contracts was a horror that had never beset Mr. Mookerjee in

his wildest dreams, and the tears he shed might have softened a heart of stone, but Arbuthnot carried through his work with grim determination. His old active life was closed and done with, but if books and maps and ledgers were to be his portion in the future, instead of men and mountains, he would accept them without whining. He knew the worst now. A turn up and down the verandah, leaning heavily on Janie's shoulder, was his limit, and matters would probably never be much better. He might in time be able to manage that distance alone, but he would always be "hideously lame," as he phrased it to himself. He did not venture to use the term in Janie's hearing, nor did he ever utter aloud the reflection which had haunted him at first, that he ought never to have married her, or that it would have been better if she had left him to die at Zibgarh. It would have been sheer cruelty to say it, conscious as he was that

his very helplessness and dependence made him inexpressibly dearer to her, and that so long as she believed him fairly contented she was absolutely happy. Therefore he pretended industriously to be contented, and welcomed any hard work that might make the pretence more of a reality, with something very like heroism. Janie, who guessed at his struggles, though she could not realize their bitterness, was quite sure it was heroism.

While the Europeans at Ranjitgarh were baked in the hot weather and boiled in the rains, military operations continued farther north under difficulties which recalled those of the Central India Campaign in the Mutiny. Mr. Brooke's forecast of Lord Williams's intentions had proved correct, and Sir James Germaine was now master of Maqulkot and Payab. The enemy at Payab had surrendered, whereas those from Maqulkot had escaped into the hills, but General Germaine did not trouble himself about the fugitives, any more than about the Scythians holding Shah Bagh. The tribes might be trusted to look after them, since loot was loot, from whomsoever it might be obtained, and deputations were already coming in to protest that loyalty to the British Raj which had so conspicuously failed in the hour of trial.

Lord Williams's progress northwards was much more leisurely, since the Scythian rearguard contested every possible position, and any bridge or piece of railway left undamaged could only be regarded as a trap. True to the humanitarian instincts which were such a stumbling-block to his English and Hercynian critics, his aim was to hustle the retreating Scythians northwards until, caught between his force and that of General Germaine, they must recognize that the odds against them were overwhelming, and that surrender was the only course. But just south of Gajnpur, with the road to

Bala open behind them as a line of retreat, they turned at bay in a determined attempt to destroy Lord Williams's army before Sir James Germaine could come to his assistance. The affair was planned with considerable ingenuity, for the stubborn rearguard appeared to have been seized with panic, and the retreat to be degenerating into a rout, so that a less cautious commander might have been led into the headlong pursuit which would have left his army dispersed over miles of difficult country. But the Viceroy was well served by his scouts, and these revealed the existence of strong Scythian columns lying in wait on either flank, whereupon, to the astonishment and disgust of his troops, he stopped short in the pursuit and threw himself into a small town with the euphonious name of Hutchinsabad, which was hastily placed in a state of defence. His force had been diminished by the necessity of clearing the country on either side from isolated bands of Scythians and tribesmen, but the railway was being reconstructed behind him, and reinforcements from the First Army were panting to come up with the foe. He contented himself, therefore, with repelling the desperate attempts made to force him out of his position, and after a week's siege the advance of the railway from the south, and of General Germaine, like the traditional Blücher, from the north, automatically brought about his relief. The Scythians stole away in the night, leaving their camp-fires burning and their heavy guns in position, and firing into the town to the last, to keep up the illusion of their presence. But they were no longer an army. It appeared that each commander had been left to take what seemed to him the best course, for some turned north towards the river, taking the round-about route of the British retreat the year before, so as to avoid General Ger-

maine, some made a dash at once for Bala, others sought refuge in the mountainous border country, and some prudent souls, tired of war, waited among the ruins of the Gajulpur forts until they should be able to surrender. The work before the British Generals was now rather to clear the country of marauding bands than to face an army in the field. A week after the dispersion of the Scythian Ranjitgarh force came the news that the Xipanguese had captured Rahat, and that the retreating Scythians were finding themselves confronted by a widespread insurrection in their own territory.

Among those reported "dangerously wounded" after the siege of Hutchinsabad was Mr. Brooke, but he was sufficiently recovered to be among those sent down to Ranjitgarh by the first hospital train that traversed the reconstructed railway. Strictly speaking, the Antony Hospital was not his place, but Major Saundersfoot, at Janie's entreaty, "worked the trick," as he said, and found quarters for him not far from the Arbuthnots.

"Though really, Jenny," said Sister M'Kay, "I must say I didn't expect all your relations by marriage to come and take up their abode here. I suppose we couldn't have had you without your husband, and besides, I feel I owe him a debt of gratitude whenever I see the scowl on old Mookerjee's face, but when it comes to his first cousin once removed——"

"But it helps you to get a great deal more work out of me," said Janie, laughing. "I can leave my husband far more happily now. He and his cousin are such good friends that they are quite content to sit and smoke together for hours without saying a word—just like my Burree and me."

"Especially the smoking!" said Sister M'Kay. "Not that you ever sat an hour with your friend without talking, Jenny—you needn't tell me."

Returning to her rooms for tiffin one day, Janie found that her two wounded heroes had a visitor—a young Scythian officer with his arm in a sling. He sprang up as she entered, and made her an elaborate bow.

"Madame has forgotten me, I fear," he said in French. "I have inquired perpetually since I was taken prisoner about my kind nurse, and I discover at last that she continues her career of mercy here. I had not anticipated the pleasure of meeting Monsieur her husband, but he has made me most kindly welcome."

"You are a good testimonial for St. Martin's, Count Eugene," said Janie. "I should hardly have expected you to walk so well. You will stay to tiffin, of course? You did not know my husband in Bala, I think?" she stopped suddenly, remembering that if he had seen Arbuthnot, it must have been in the disguise of Ghulam Qadir—"but you must often have met Major Brooke?"

"I ought to congratulate Major Brooke on possessing a charmed life," said Count Eugene, with another bow; "for he had at any rate two very determined enemies."

"Ah, this sounds interesting," said Mr. Brooke.

"Can you wonder at it, monsieur? My poor friend Pavel Arseniévitche—what have you not made him suffer! It was his unpleasant duty to arrest Madame as an accomplice in your escape—you know that? By an excusable act of chivalry, he permits her to remain at large one night, and in that night she also escapes. The blusterer Colonel Dhyan Singh, who was associated with him in the duty, reports his conduct to Pavel's uncle, the General, and he is severely reprimanded. Presently good news arrives from an outpost far down the road. The Sister has been arrested, with her servant, who is believed to be a spy. Imagine

the relief of Pavel Arseniévitsh, the credit heaped upon Captain Andréieff, who had the good sense to detain the fugitives! Promotion—perhaps a decoration—awaits him. But the Sister escapes again—this time by means of a cunning plot conceived and carried out by one Brooke. From henceforth the *rusé* M. Brooke has two enemies instead of one, and when he reappears at the head of a corps who carry a badge of leopard skin in the helmet, it is a matter of congratulation that he is to be recognized anywhere."

"But," said Janie, very pale, "what did they try to do? He was attacked by natives once, and shot at by Scythian privates twice. You can't mean that Prince Pavel and the captain encouraged any one to try and kill him particularly? It would have been murder."

"It was murder," said Mr. Brooke. "There is no other word for the death of poor Meadows."

"In that case, madame," said Count Eugene stiffly, "you will pardon me if I don't answer your question. I am not here to bring accusations of murder against my brother-officers."

Conversation languished during the remainder of the meal. Janie tried to ask questions about Eleanor and the hospital, but as Arbuthnot had seen both since Count Eugene had been discharged cured, she gained little fresh information, and it was a relief to all when the Scythian bowed himself out. The moment Janie was alone with her husband, she demanded what Mr. Brooke had meant.

"I should say there can't be a doubt that one or other of those fellows had offered a reward to any one who killed Brooke," he answered. "He was wounded first in a skirmish outside Hutchinsabad, and at his request his men propped him up against a tree, and went on after the enemy. Poor Meadows, when he heard of the skir-

mish, went out to look for the wounded, and came hurrying along with bandages. He was tying up Brooke's leg when about a dozen Scythians rode down upon them. Meadows never would carry even a revolver, you know, for fear of being tempted to use it, but he snatched Brooke's and fired off all the chambers at them. But they deliberately rode the two down, hacking at them as they passed. It's a miracle that Brooke is alive. He says himself that if Meadows hadn't fallen across him, so that he was partially protected, he wouldn't be."

"I think," said Janie, with kindling eyes, "that the Bala Mission ought to be as proud of Mr. Meadows as any regiment of its heroes. There ought to be a tablet in the Sheonath School to keep his boys in memory of it. And if it hadn't been for me, Jock—"

"Brooke might not have incurred this special enmity, and Meadows might be alive still?" said Arbuthnot. "Oh, I understand. We will do it together, Janie, when the war is over and the mission is in working order again—if there are any boys left to come to school, or any missionaries to keep it."

They saw no more of Count Eugene, but news of the Sheonath missionaries came unexpectedly in a day or two. Major Saundersfoot brought in a freshly printed extra of the "Pen and Sword" one evening, and laid it hastily on the table.

"I can't stay," he said, "but I thought you'd like to know that the Bala hostages have been released, and are safe at Gajnipur. Full list of names, they say."

Janie rushed upon the paper and tore it open. Her eye ran hurriedly down the list—the Resident and his family and staff, visitors, British officers attached to Bala regiments, officials of state departments, missionaries, merchants—with here and there an ominous parenthesis, "Died, —," and a date.

"Burree's name is not here. She has not come!" she cried, in bitter disappointment.

"It may be merely a mistake. I should say myself that the list of missionaries is not a full one," said Mr. Brooke, scarcely less agitated.

"Let us telegraph to Weaver," said Arbuthnot. "His name is here, right enough, and he would know."

It seemed almost impossible to wait for the answer to the telegram, for the wires were still largely reserved for official messages, and it was not until the next evening that they read:—

"Dr. Weston remains in Bala. Am starting for Ranjitgarh. Will call.—*Weaver.*"

Two days later the missionary, worn and prematurely gray, and clad in curious native-made clothes, presented himself at the Arbuthnots' rooms. Janie hardly knew him, so great was the change in the spruce dark-haired medical man who had exercised a beneficent tyranny in and around the best hospital in all North India, and she began to realize what this year and a half of captivity had meant to the men and women who had known nothing of the progress of affairs in the outside world but as it was revealed to them by taunting gaolers.

"Miss Weston refused to leave," he said, when he had greeted them. "Perhaps I ought to have insisted on her coming, but everything was arranged in such a hurry that there was little time for argument, and I could hardly have brought her by force."

"She wouldn't leave our people, I suppose?" said Janie.

"Yes, she refused to come without them, and our escort declared it was impossible to bring them. We were not free agents, or I would have tried, at any rate, whether it could not be done."

"Tell us how you got away at all," said Arbuthnot.

"Indeed, I hardly know. We were at Sheonath, quartered in the prison and the houses round, where we had been for a year. We lost thirteen from fever this hot weather— But that wasn't what I was talking about. We had noticed a change in the behavior of our guards—a sort of anxiety to curry favor with us behind each other's backs—and we thought it must mean British successes, but they still threatened us with being taken up into the mountains. Then one day—we think it must have been when the news arrived that General Germaine had captured Payab, the mob attacked the prison, vowing death to us. We tore up boards and got hold of anything that could serve as a weapon, and prepared to sell our lives dearly, but when the mob had actually got into the courtyard, the Rajah and his guards arrived, and fairly rode them down. We were taken from the prison that night, with the assurance we were no longer safe there, which we could well believe, and lodged in one of the Rajah's palaces, with proper food given us, and clothes, and the Rajah's secretary coming every day to ask if we had anything to complain of. At last he came at ten o'clock one night to say that the mob were ready to attack the palace itself, and that the only chance for our lives was to send us out of the country at once. Of course we thought that meant the mountains, but he explained that the Rajah was ready to hand us over to Lord William, if the Resident would guarantee him his life and throne. We could promise nothing about the throne, of course, but we thought it was safe to guarantee him his life, and we all signed a sort of testimonial."

"But the young ruffian is a traitor and a murderer!" cried Arbuthnot. "He deserves no mercy."

"The Resident thought he had been led away by his cousin—the half-caste," said Dr. Weaver. "I suppose it is true that George Brown became a Mohammedan to conciliate the Agpur Mullahs, in the hope that the Scythians would put him on the *gaddi*?"

"Oh, I suppose so, but I don't believe they had the slightest intention of doing it, and now he would probably give a good deal to get safely out of Agpur."

"It is his brother who acts as the Rajah's secretary."

"What, Alfred Brown—who led the Second Army into the first Agpur disaster? And he shares in the Rajah's amnesty, I suppose? Well, of course you knew nothing about it, but I think those two beauties have done themselves remarkably well."

"I must say," protested Dr. Weaver uneasily, "that he behaved very well to us. It nearly came to a fight with a body of Scythian fugitives whom we met on the road to Gajnipur. They insisted on our returning to Bala with them, but the Resident took command of the escort at Alfred Brown's request, and we forced our way through."

"Then the Bala people are anxious to be friendly now?" said Janie eagerly. "And every one says that Scythia must make peace soon. Jock, you will let me go up and fetch Burree and our people?"

"You? Certainly not," said Arbuthnot decisively. But Janie looked round upon them with heightened color.

"You can't go, and Mr. Brooke can't, but I can. I know the way—at least, you can tell me the part I don't know—and Lord Williams will give me an escort, and we will take mules and things. There is no fear of the Scythians if we keep to the secret paths."

"If your husband takes my advice he will not tell you, and I certainly shall not," said Mr. Brooke, in a hard voice.

"And you forget," said Dr. Weaver, "that the Scythians have blown up the road behind them in several places as they retreated. It would be impossible to repair it in time to reach St. Martin's this autumn. I saw myself that Miss Weston was well supplied, and the Rajah will do what he can for her for his own sake. We can do nothing from this end, or I should not be here."

Sydney C. Grier.

(To be continued.)

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF AERIAL NAVIGATION.

"In order to utilize the air as a means of transit, the body in motion, whether it moves in virtue of the life it possesses, or because of a force super-added, must be heavier than the air."

These words were written more than thirty years ago by the late Professor James Pettigrew; yet it is not until the last few years that their truth has been at all widely accepted. It seems so obvious, now that the practicability of sustaining a body in such an imponderable fluid as the air has been repeatedly demonstrated in public, that we may well wonder at the in-

credulity with which they were, almost universally, received at the time.

Yet even at the present day there remain many who obstinately refuse to believe in the practicability of mechanical flight. So many wild and exaggerated statements have been made about the possibilities of aerial navigation—a subject which unfortunately lends itself with peculiar facility to the fantastic dreams of the visionary—that there is some excuse for this unbelief. On the other hand, as I shall endeavor to prove, the time is so near when aerial navigation, or, to

be precise, mechanical flight, will have become a general means of locomotion, that it is a matter of importance to state its case fully and without prejudice.

It is not my purpose to dwell at any length on the question of dirigible balloons or airships, for there is little doubt that in their development a certain stage of finality has now been attained. The case may be stated in a few words. The practical utility of an airship depends in the first place on its speed, and secondly on its carrying capacity. Now it has been computed that the average velocity of the wind below a moderate altitude (1,000 feet) is inferior to twenty miles an hour on about three hundred days in the year; but at a higher level its speed exceeds twenty miles an hour on at least three hundred days in the year.

For practical purposes, therefore, the speed of an airship would have to be at least twenty-five to thirty miles an hour to enable it to navigate near the surface of the earth, while a speed of forty to sixty miles an hour would be required for an airship which could venture to rise to a higher level; and it need scarcely be pointed out that, for military purposes at any rate, a steerable balloon will usually navigate at a height considerably exceeding 1,000 feet. But if we consider the speed actually attained by existing airships, we find that the "Zeppelin" has developed a *maximum* of thirty-five miles an hour, while neither the "Patrie" nor the "Ville de Paris" have ever exceeded twenty-five miles.

At the first glance the former would thus seem to come within the range of practical utility. As a matter of fact, in order to attain this speed, a rigid aluminium hull of such enormous dimensions is required as to render the huge airship practically unmanageable in anything even remotely approaching a high wind. Every airship of

the present day is deficient both in speed and carrying power; and in order to remedy this defect larger hulls are being introduced, with the result not only that more power is required to overcome the increased resistance, which means a consequent increase of weight (so that we move in a vicious circle), but that such accidents as befell the "Patrie" are likely to become more numerous. Furthermore, owing to the fact that a change, whether accidental or designed, in the elevation at which the airship is moving, entails a large expenditure of ballast, or in other words that a large quantity of dead weight has to be carried, the radius of action is narrowly circumscribed. The first cost of an airship, finally, and the expense attached to its inflation with hydrogen gas, renders it prohibitive to any but a government.

With the flying machine, on the other hand, far from having attained to anything like finality, we have not even yet emerged from the first stage of development. Here we have a contrivance which remains in the air not because it is lighter than the air like a balloon, but actually because it is heavier. Herein, in a nutshell, lies its superiority. On consideration the paradox vanishes. For it is obvious that a body liberated in the air will fall with a force of gravitation so long as it is heavier than the air. But if the body takes the shape of an inclined plane surface it will be sustained to a greater or less degree by the very resistance of the air which it encounters. Not only is the fall thereby retarded, but, owing to the inclination of the plane, the flow of the air round the surface forces the fall to assume a horizontal direction. In a gliding machine the weight of the machine is, therefore, actually the propelling power; but in a propelled machine the plane surfaces are continually driven on to fresh masses of air,

until finally the fall is entirely arrested and only horizontal motion remains: in other words, the force of gravitation is overcome. This, very briefly, is the theory of the flying machine; not only, be it observed, of the *aéroplane* proper, but of the machines sustained by ascensional screws or beating wings as well, for they are all dependent for their sustentation on plane or curved surfaces, whether moving in a straight line or revolving.

The question naturally arises why, if this be so, has it taken so many years of unceasing activity before even a slight practical success has been achieved, and, above all, to what must this sudden, if slight, success be attributed?

To this it may be replied that in the first place there has always been a wide gulf fixed between a theory and its application, a gulf which can only be bridged by the labor of long years. The steam-engine was not evolved in a day, nor did the electric telegraph follow as a matter of course from Benjamin Franklin's discovery. And in the present case we are dealing with a subject of extraordinary complexity, and undoubtedly one of the most difficult that the engineer has ever set his hand to. We have to deal with a medium which is an invisible, almost imponderable, fluid, whose very laws of motion are scarcely known. The fact that the wind consists, not of a steady current, but of a series of swiftly succeeding gusts of ever-varying intensity was only established by Langley a few years ago; and yet this is the medium in which we have to work.

Secondly, the chief factor which has rendered success possible has been the development of the light motor. Every student of the history of *aéronautics* must have been struck by the fact that in almost every case the weight of the motor has proved the insuperable obstacle by which the experimenter has

been defeated. Motors weighing 3lb. to the horse-power are now currently available, where ten years ago every horse-power meant a weight of 20lb. or more; and in this respect aviation may well be called the daughter of the automobile industry. Yet, having due regard for the importance of the light motor, there remains a factor in default of which nothing ever has been or will be achieved.

Let us suppose that a perfect type of flying machine, perfectly efficient, exquisitely stable, were in existence at the present time. It may be asserted with the utmost confidence that such a machine would be absolutely useless, for no man would be able to control it. A modern bicycle is a useless mass of machinery until one has learned to ride it. Yet the art of flying is incomparably more difficult; for on a bicycle we have only to preserve lateral equilibrium, whereas in a flying machine we have also to maintain our longitudinal equilibrium, and all this, it must be remembered, at a speed approaching that of an express train. It is said that when he glided to the ground after flying some six miles, M. Delagrangé was lifted from his machine in a state of utter exhaustion which alone prevented him from continuing his flight indefinitely. Nor is it to be wondered at when it is remembered that the slightest touch of the rudder or balancing plane in the wrong direction will hurl the machine to immediate destruction.

But the importance of practice in flight—nay, its all-essential character—is illustrated even more forcibly by the example of Farman and Delagrangé. Mr. Farman's first flight—of a few yards—was made on September 30 of last year; and within six months he succeeded in flying nearly two miles in a circle. Yet the machine which after the first attempt obstinately refused for two whole months to fly

more than a few yards at a time, was precisely the same machine which manoeuvred under perfect control round the ground near Paris shortly afterwards. M. Delagrangé's experience, with the same type of machine, has been exactly similar. In both cases success was eventually due, not to the perfection of the machine, but solely to the experience gained by the driver in actual practice and to his growing familiarity with the conditions and sensations of flight.

There is, therefore, every reason to believe that, as soon as sufficient practice in actual flight has been obtained, the perfect flying machine will develop in due course and, as it were, of its own accord. The first step has been taken; there already exist many completed machines, not only in France, but in Germany, in Austria, in America and in Great Britain. It is true that these are of widely divergent types, some of which, at any rate, have but small chance of ultimate success; but this is a matter of comparatively small importance: the significant point is that practice and experience are being obtained; and given these, as I have said, there can be no doubt of the ultimate issue.

But here arises a question of the gravest import: will the flying machine in a more perfect form—for the cumbersome, ponderous machines now in existence will before long appear as ludicrously antiquated as "Puffing Billy" beside a modern express engine—ever provide a useful means of transport?

There can be but one final answer to this question: there is not the slightest doubt but that it will. But it is far more difficult even to attempt to adumbrate the lines along which the carrying surfaces of these machines will ever be greatly extended, though they will undoubtedly be rendered more efficient; but the most far-reaching increase of efficiency will undoubtedly be

International.

effected in the improvement of constructional details. Dead weight will be diminished, head-resistance will vanish almost entirely by the substitution of forms which do not interrupt the continuous flow of the air, the shape of the surfaces and their distribution admits of great improvement. By such means, where it is now necessary, in order to carry a single man through the air, to employ a machine with a surface of nearly six hundred square feet, weighing over half-a-ton, and propelled by a fifty horse-power motor, it will be possible before long to carry at least four passengers or an equivalent weight of baggage.

As a form of sport mechanical flight is already alive, as the crowds numbering thousands who watch the flights of Farman and Delagrangé near Paris testify; as a means of commercial transit its future is more distant, though assured. For military purposes—and it is in this direction that aerial navigation has hitherto, unfortunately, found its chief application—it may serve as an unequalled defensive arm. Neither the airship nor the flying machine are ever likely to be of much value in an offensive capacity, but for such purposes as reconnoitring they may well prove invaluable.

It is difficult to form an adequate idea of the infinite possibilities of the thing. This much is certain, that the flying machine, even though it should not revolutionize the course of development of the world as we foresee it at the present time, will at any rate have a most important bearing on international relations of every kind; for it should be remembered that for it none of the obstacles that interfere with our existing means of communication exist. The flying machine will take no account of mountains, rivers, frontiers or seas; nor is there any apparent limit to the speed which it may attain.

John H. Ledeboer.

IAGO.

So much has already been written upon the character of Iago that it may seem a needless temerity to add anything to the tale. Every line has been scrutinized, every feature interpreted, there is, it would seem, no corner to which a further explanation can penetrate. And yet, when all is said, the result is not wholly satisfying. The "motiveless malignity" which is Coleridge's interpretation, the "Artist in Tragedy," which is Mr. Swinburne's, both seem to imply that for once Shakspeare has abandoned human nature: that he has described a temperament which is wholly diabolic. Mr. Robert Bridges believes that "the whole thing is impossible": that the Iago presented to the audience is not the Iago who lives among the other characters of the play. Mr. Bradley, though he comes nearer than any one else to a complete picture, yet leaves one or two points in darkness. It may be worth inquiring whether the facts cannot bear a simpler explanation than they have yet received: whether, when Kean played the part as a human being he may not have been more in the right than Hazlitt who censured him: whether, in short, Shakspeare's "Villain," as the first Folio bluntly describes him, may not be a consistent villain of flesh and blood, rather than an impossible combination of mere malice and hypocrisy.

At the outset of the play he is twenty-eight years of age, which means that he has been about ten years in the service. He is a capable soldier, who has fought well "at Rhodes, at Cyprus and on other ground, Christian and heathen," who has risen to the office of Standard-bearer, and who believes himself to have a claim to that of Lieutenant. Again, he is evidently popular, a genial companion at the canteen, who can take his glass and sing a good

song; and, what is more to the purpose, he is the trusted adviser of everybody upon the stage. "Honest Iago," they call him, and when any one of them is in trouble—Roderigo, Cassio, Othello, Desdemona herself, he is the one person in whom they all confide, and to whose counsel they all appeal. It is clear that he has never been found out in any act of treachery or mischief, and, accomplished hypocrite though he be, ten years is a long period for a successful masquerade. Again, he is wholly and inherently selfish: intent on his own advancement, and unscrupulous as to the means of securing it; but there are two qualities which, from a certain form of selfishness, are almost inseparable. The first is a superficial good-nature which likes popularity, and is quite ready to purchase it by gift and service so long as they involve no serious cost. Many of the most selfish men in the world are agreeable, and even kindly, until you cross their interests: then they are adamant. The second is an instinctive dislike of the sight of pain, except where the temper is made cruel by anger or fear or jealousy. It is not pity, it is not compassion, it is a personal feeling of discomfort which is a spurious counterfeit of these.¹ And because the world takes little pains to distinguish counterfeit from sterling, such persons are accredited with a sympathetic disposition when in reality they are only anxious to rid themselves of an annoyance. We have therefore but to suppose that, up to the scene which immediately precedes the play, Iago had never found any occasion to sting: that his life had run on a straight course with no rival to remove and no

¹ The extreme instance of this is the character which can command tortures, but cannot bear to see them inflicted. A common type is the temper which grows irritable at the sight of suffering.

injury to avenge; if this be granted there is no difficulty in explaining his popularity and the confidence which every one reposes in him. He had all the external qualities of "a good fellow," and nothing had as yet occurred to bring out the latent evil below the surface. Thirdly, his intellectual power, though extraordinarily keen and subtle, has very obvious limitations. He can treat the immediate situation, he can weave the immediate strand of the plot, with a skill and a dexterity that are almost uncanny; and it is evident as the play proceeds that he takes an intense pleasure in the exercise of his sinister ingenuity. But he has almost no foresight. His plot, as will be seen presently, is from hand to mouth, it constantly puts him to new shifts, it hurries him into a catastrophe of the nature of which he had, when he began, no expectation. His intellect, in short, is comparable to that of a chess player who can make a brilliant next move, but who cannot see six moves ahead.

Fourthly, and this is in some respects the most important point of all, he is "a filthy cynic" in his estimate of women. He simply does not believe in woman's purity, nor does he regard his disbelief as a matter of any moment. He takes the view, which was commonly held by mediæval satire and comedy, that all women are "guinea-hens," that all love is appetite, and that a deceived husband is a target for laughter. He uses the vilest terms when he tells Brabantio of Desdemona's flight, and has evidently no idea that they are offensive.² He sets forth his doctrine to Roderigo in an easy, familiar tone as though it were a commonplace of reasonable judgment.³ His way of entertaining Desdemona, on her arrival in Cyprus, is to regale her with epigrams upon the unchastity of her

² Act I. sc. 1. He evidently thinks that he is expressing the ordinary view.

³ Act I. sc. 3.

sex.⁴ And, for climax of testimony, he comes so near to believing in his wife's infidelity that he actually taxes her with it;⁵ yet it does not seem to make any difference in his treatment of her.

Such is the character—cold, selfish, unscrupulous, not gratuitously malicious, impure, and therefore sceptical of purity, keen witted, but almost wholly devoid of imagination—into which there falls like poison a rankling sense of injustice. His friends have applied that he may have the Lieutenantancy; it has been given to Cassio, whom, rightly or wrongly, he regards as his inferior. It is idle to inquire (though it has often been inquired) whether his description of Cassio is a fair statement: you do not expect an angry man to speak fairly of a successful rival. The keynote of the play is that he is mortally aggrieved and offended by Othello's action. When Roderigo says:

Thou told'st me
That thou didst hold him in thy hate,
Iago answers, not with a plain affirmation, but with a flash of rage:

Despise me if I do not;

and then breaks, like a flame, into the tirade about favoritism and neglected merit, which is one of the most genuine outbursts of emotion in his entire part. There is, I believe, no understanding of the play unless we realize that Iago's first motive is a rankling sense of personal wrong. He hates Cassio because he is jealous of him; he hates Othello for having given him cause of jealousy; he makes up his mind to cry quits upon both of them. But it is not a diabolic attraction to evil for evil's

⁴ Act II. sc. 1.

⁵ In Act I. sc. 3, he doubts, "I know not if't be true." In Act II. sc. 1, his suspicions have ripened, "I do not suspect the lusty Moor hath leaped into my seat." By Act IV. sc. 2, he has certainly accused Emilia, for she speaks of the false informer "That made thee to suspect me with the Moor." Yet through the intervening time he makes her not only his comrade, but his accomplice.

sake: it is a very human passion of revenge smarting under injury.

As yet there is not the smallest indication that he wishes or contemplates the death of either. If he had, there were plenty of means at his disposal. He simply wants to hit back: first, to wound Othello without losing his favor; then to degrade Cassio and "have his place." And here comes in the second of his three motives. His desire of revenge, though keen, is not so keen as to obliterate his ambition. He wishes "to serve his turn upon the Moor," but he wishes also that the Moor shall appoint him Lieutenant. And so from the first he stands committed to a double game.

For his revenge upon Othello Fate seems to bring an immediate and ready opportunity. The Moor has just married by stealth Brabantio's daughter. Why not raise hue and cry upon him and have him arrested? The Signory will annul the marriage, perhaps impose some penalty in addition. Of course Iago must not appear; but the night is dark, and he can slip away before the lights come.⁶ And what subtle irony to go to Othello, while the blow is still impending, and with a smooth and plausible face offer him condolence. Politic, too; for it will give honest Iago another claim when the Lieutenantcy falls vacant. So, with his next move fully considered, he sets Roderigo battering at Brabantio's door; everything at the moment falls out as he would have it; and in Act. I. sc. 2, he is at Othello's side, pouring out his fears in sympathetic voice:

But I pray you, Sir,
Are you fast married? Be assured of
this,
That the Magnifico is much beloved
And hath in his effect a voice potential

⁶ Act I. sc. 1:

"Farewell, for I must leave you,
It seems not meet nor wholesome to my place
To be produced, as if I stay I shall,
Against the Moor."
(Said to Roderigo when Brabantio goes out
to fetch lights.)

As double as the Duke's. He will divorce you
Or put upon you what restraint or grievance
The law, with all its might to enforce it on,
Will give him cable.

The trial takes place, and Iago's weapon bursts in his hand. With that want of imagination which is his essential weakness, he had never expected that Brabantio would be unselfish enough to leave the decision to his daughter, and that Desdemona would be loyal enough to declare, before the full Signory, in favor of her husband. The marriage is not annulled, but confirmed, and Othello, appointed to high command in Cyprus, leaves the court with his wife unscathed.

As he is going out Brabantio speaks:
Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see.
She hath deceived her father, and may thee,

and these words set Iago musing. There is a still better revenge in store. Desdemona has shown herself loyal in the court-house; but she is a woman, and no woman is chaste. "Virtue, a fig! 'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus." She may be a precisian in appearance, but "the wine that she drinks is made of grapes." And here is the young fool Roderigo pining for love of her, and threatening to drown himself in despair. One could help him and pay off the Moor at one stroke. After all, it is no very great injury. Othello has played false with Emilia, or at any rate there is suspicion of it; fair retaliation allows that he should be requited in kind. Fidelity is as empty a word as virtue. "It cannot be long that Desdemona should continue her love to the Moor." "She must change for youth; when she is sated with his body she will find the errors of her choice."

Remember, these are the thoughts of a man who does not know what woman's love means: who thinks that to be deceived is the common lot of husbands, and that the pain of deception is the sense of being outwitted, of being made a laughing-stock. I do not see how it can be doubted that Iago is here speaking his real mind. It seems false criticism to caution us that we must "disbelieve everything that he says." When he has anything to gain by deception he lies without hesitation and without remorse. When he is forming his plans we must surely assume that he is expressing his own view of the facts which he intends to control; and though we may wish that such a view were impossible, we cannot, in face of human nature, hold that it is so. It underlies half the tales of Boccaccio; it is the mainspring of Restoration comedy; it is denounced as dangerously prevalent in the most eloquent preface of the younger Dumas.

Roderigo goes away comforted, and Iago, left to solitary meditation, plans an amendment to his scheme. Cassio is a "proper man": he shall be represented as the lover. Whether truly or falsely makes little difference: there is an equal chance for the faithful friend who warns Othello that his honor is imperilled, who denounces the marauding villain, and who as a natural result succeeds to the villain's office. The two strands of the double game twine into a single cord which, as he tests it, appears to him unbreakable. "I have 't," he cries exultantly; "it is engendered," and with these words enters upon a course of which, if he had foreseen the upshot, he would not have advanced another step. What he intended was to clear off a couple of scores, and by so doing to become Othello's favorite and deputy. What he effected was the murder of three persons with whom he had no quarrel,

the suicide of Othello, and his own death by torture.

The scene shifts to Cyprus. Iago has the honor of escorting Desdemona; upon which his only comment is that she talked too much; and her sweet and gracious welcome of Cassio rouses his foul mind to the hope that his plans are maturing.⁷ Indeed, he is so totally incapable of comprehending her purity that he actually debates with himself whether he will not also become her lover.⁸ Then his thought turns again to Cassio.

I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;
Abuse him to the Moor in the right
garb,
(For I fear Cassio with my night-cap
too)
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and
reward me
For making him egregiously an ass
And practising upon his peace and
quiet
Even to madness.⁹

In this speech, immediately after he has looked on Cassio as a possible rival, Iago shows for the first time that he has some dim comprehension of the meaning of jealousy. And even so the lines quoted above are of a strange irony in the light of what follows:

Make the Moor thank me, love me, and
reward me
For making him egregiously an ass.

That is Iago's view of the situation as it stands before him at present.

Meantime an opportunity occurs of striking at Cassio more directly. A holiday is proclaimed, with a night of festivity and rejoicing. Iago deliberately makes Cassio drunk, induces Roderigo to provoke him, there is a scuffle, a blow, an outcry; Othello is

⁷ "That Cassio loves her, I do well believe
it,
That she loves him, 'tis apt and of great
credit."

Act II. sc. 1.

⁸ *Ibid.*

⁹ Act II. sc. 1. See the whole scene.

summoned, Cassio censured and degraded; one score is paid off, and the path to preferment reopened. This is the only episode which Iago manages exactly as he intends; the only one in which his ingenuity is triumphant. On this field he is master of the circumstances, he plays upon each character in turn, he is dealing with forces which he understands, and he directs them unswervingly to his purpose.¹⁰ It is significant of the whole play that this complete and rounded success is by a higher tribunal of the Fates most emphatically reversed on appeal. Cassio, by a treacherous plot, is disgraced in the eyes of his General; the Venetian Senate, which has heard nothing of the matter, shortly afterwards supersedes the General and appoints Cassio in his room.

As yet, however, none of this can be foreseen, and the next move looks as though the Fates themselves were playing on the side of Iago. Cassio comes to him for advice, is recommended to win over Desdemona as advocate, and by gratefully accepting this counsel walks, it would appear, straight into the web that is to enmesh him. It only follows to warn Othello: a little counterfeit anxiety, a few insidious hints, and the whole thing is achieved. But as his plot proceeds it grows more dangerous. There must be evidence of some sort, and every piece of evidence is only an additional opportunity of confronting him with the truth. He is evidently uneasy: he braces himself up to the deed in a speech of fierce and savage irony¹¹—sure sign of a troubled mind,—you can see that there is beginning faintly to form within him the conviction which he afterwards puts into plain words,¹² that he himself stands in much peril. In the first of

his three scenes with Othello¹³ he employs his hateful skill at its wariest. In the second,¹⁴ after he has obtained the handkerchief, he grows bolder, and is beginning to instil his venom with a more lavish hand when suddenly his whole sky is rent by a thunderbolt. Othello, who was to have "loved and thanked him," flies at his throat in an outburst of half-articulate fury:

Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof:
Or, by the worth of mine immortal soul,
Thou had'st been better have been born
a dog
Than anger my waked wrath.

And again:

Make me to see 't or at the least to
prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge nor
loop
To hang a doubt on, or woe upon thy
soul.

And again:

If thou dost slander her and torture me
Never pray more.

Here comes to a climax the third and last of Iago's motives. He is afraid. For the first time Shakspeare makes him speak in heightened and emotional language; his tone grows vehement, almost melodramatic, even his iron self-control is for the moment shaken. And because he is essentially of the temper which fear makes cruel, so from henceforward his purpose becomes darker and more terrible. His life is at stake; he must at all hazards win the cast; whatever stands in his way, he is now relentless. Yet even here is a tiny gleam of compassion, which flickers for a moment before it goes out. Cassio is the person whom he has chiefly to fear; "the Moor may unfold me to him: there stand I in much peril": Cassio therefore must die swiftly and speedily before any expla-

¹⁰ Act II. sc. 2, first half.

¹¹ Act II. sc. 2, beginning:

"And what's he then,
That says I am a villain?"

¹² Act V. sc. 1.

¹³ Act III. sc. 3, earlier part.

¹⁴ Act III. sc. 3, later part.

nation is possible. But as yet he does not fear Desdemona. In his abominable code it is a commonplace convention that the suspected wife should lie in self-defence, and that the husband should place no credit in her protestations. He has nothing to gain by her death: "let her live," he pleads.¹⁵

By the next interview¹⁶ even this spark is extinct. Between Act III and Act IV Iago has had time for further reflection. After all it is possible that Othello may believe Desdemona; if that were to happen there could be no doubt about the issue. Better make all secure even if it cost another life in the making. And so follows that scene of unbearable cruelty—the false confession, the torture strained beyond breaking-point, the horrible exulting triumph, the planning of Desdemona's death-warrant,—which fills to the very brim the measure of human wickedness. But it is not "motiveless malignity": it is malignity sharpened and accentuated by a keen sense of personal danger.

As if to make this clear, Shakspeare at once adds two scenes in close relation. At the end of Act IV. sc. 1, the Venetian senators come to supersede Othello and appoint Cassio to the generalship. Earlier in the play Iago would have heard this with jealous anger: now he passes it by without even the comment of an aside. It will serve later for an argument to Roderigo: for himself he has matters of more immediate moment to consider. Again in Act IV. sc. 2, Desdemona sends for him to ask his advice about her husband's estrangement. He comes with conflicting impulses. He has plotted against her life, against her honor, but he cannot see her in sorrow without a feeling of discomfort. His

¹⁵ It greatly heightens the drama to regard this plea as genuine.

¹⁶ Act IV. sc. 1. Observe that Shakspeare places it in a different Act from the two preceding interviews: i. e. after a short lapse of time.

tone softens as he addresses her—first, "Madam," then "Lady," then "fair Lady"; he soothes her with mechanical words of consolation, "Do not weep, do not weep, alas the day!" There is no possibility of his relenting—he is too deeply engaged: there is no question of true pity—he is now beyond its reach. But for the moment he lets his thwarted ambition and his personal fear fall into the background until he is set once more upon the alert by a sudden challenge from Emilia:

I will be hanged if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get
some office,
Have not devised this slander: I will
be hanged else.

"To get some office." It is a blow at a venture but it pierces the joints of the harness. At once he fears that he is suspected. "Fie," he answers hastily:

Fie there is no such man, it is impossible,

and as she proceeds with more urgency he apprehensively bids her "speak within door." Desdemona's plea gives him time to collect himself, and his tone again grows gentle: but "office" and "Cassio" are running through his head, and he answers her with "business of State" and "Messengers of Venice": a reply natural enough in any case, but especially significant here. His mind once more oscillates between personal fear and thwarted ambition, and when he leaves Desdemona's presence, it is to plan forthwith for the assassination of his rival.

But the stars in their courses fight against him. It is the poor dupe Roderigo who is killed: Cassio escapes with a hurt grievous indeed, but not mortal. All hope then turns on the death of Desdemona.¹⁷ Cassio cannot possibly speak until the morrow: even then he is disgraced and discredited, he has

¹⁷ Observe the tremendous irony with which this situation reverses that of Act III. sc. 3.

been caught with Bianca, he has slain a man in the open street; his testimony may be negligible if Desdemona is no longer living to confirm it. And so Iago, holding this welter of emotions and apprehensions in an iron grip, offers to the scene his words of regret, sympathy, even moralization: and when the stage is clear reveals his innermost heart in the hoarse cry:

This is the night
That either makes me or foredoes me
quite.

His last thought, before the final downfall, is of the narrow razor-edge on which he stands between safety and ruin.

It is curious that he does not fear Emilia. Once already she has nearly imperilled him, yet he holds her in such light account that he actually sends her with a message to the citadel,¹⁸ where, if the crime for which he hopes has been committed, she must inevitably discover it; and if not, she may delay or prevent its commission. It is a stroke of sheer folly: the reaction of a brain overwrought by excess of scheming; it is done instinctively, without forethought, to play out the scene. What more natural than that he should send his wife on such an errand? So might Lady Macbeth have sent Banquo to watch in Duncan's chamber.

When she confronts him by Desdemona's death-bed (for under some irresistible fascination he has followed her to the place), we see that his strength is gone, that nothing is left but the wreckage of his quick and resourceful villainy. He makes a paltering excuse, "I told him what I thought"; he threatens, "Get you home: if you are wise, get you home"; as the peril grows more visible he breaks into a torrent of foul abuse: at last, in panic rage he loses all self-control and confesses his guilt by stabbing her. He is so purposeless that he tries to escape

by flying from the room, forgetting that he is in the centre of the citadel, and must assuredly be apprehended before he can reach the gates. When he is brought back under arrest, he knows that all is over; he speaks one word of bitterness, then relapses into a fixed and stubborn silence, and so he goes to his death.

The play is almost as much Iago's tragedy as Othello's; the tragedy of a nature, selfish indeed at the outset, but not malignant, which is driven into unforeseen crime by successive impulses of resentment, jealousy and fear. There are even indications that he sometimes hates himself and the whole black business; he speaks of it as devils' work; he says of Cassio:

There is a daily beauty in his life
Which makes mine ugly.

Yet he is caught in the toils of his own sin, and if he struggle, is but the more deeply implicated. That he is driven at last into the extreme of wickedness may be admitted without reserve; the contention is that Shakspeare has made him, not a mere personification of evil, but a possible human being with human qualities. At first, he has virtues enough to win the liking and esteem of his fellows; he has bravery, he has geniality, he has even a faint sort of kindness and good-nature. The beginning of his downfall arises from the desire to avenge a wounded self-love and a wronged self-interest. Of the two plans which he proposes, one only, the displacement of his rival, is clearly seen by him; of the other he can neither understand the nature nor foresee the issue. When his plot is once begun, every step forces him to go further, until he reaches a point where, on peril of his life, he dares not recede or hesitate.

And at that point the abyss opens.

W. H. Hadow.

¹⁸ Act V, sc. 1, end.

THE MORROGHS' DREAMS.

At Ardroe Farm lived the widow Morrogh with her son Jim and his aunt Kate. Every evening Kate covered up with old sacks or inverted creels the drowsy, roosting cocks, lest they should disturb her sister-in-law the next morning by untimely crows, a precaution which, as Mrs. Morrogh was not an invalid, proved her to be on some other grounds a person of much importance in the household. How she had become so did not appear plain. It was certainly not by industrious and energetic habits, for Kate and Jim did all the work without either help or counsel from her. When times were busiest she lent no hand; when difficulties looked most puzzling she offered no suggestion. Her idle days were spent by the hearth in cold weather, and in warm at the little parlor window, which looked down the Ballydrum road.

Neighbors passing by saw day after day her white cap, and a bit of her gray and lilac shawl, glimpsing through the muslin blind; whereupon Mrs. O'Doherty, a gaunt, stirring old woman, once remarked that it would be "a charity if the other two stuck her up in their pitaty patch to scare the crows, the way they'd have her doin' somethin' besides sittin' wid her hands before her." But they never did perform this charitable act. All her expeditions out of doors were to chapel on Sundays and holidays.

At night she slept on the only feather bed, beneath the thickest blanket or the best patchwork quilt, according to the season. And every now and then she had a dream. The reason why this is worth mentioning may be gathered from a conversation between Jim and his aunt Kate one March morning at breakfast in the kitchen. Mrs. Morrogh had hers in bed.

"You wasn't thinkin' to be at the fair to-day?" said Kate Morrogh, who had tilled so many crops and carried so many turf creels, besides cooking and cleaning and contriving, that she looked weather-beaten and careworn beyond her two score years. Jim was but half as old, and had still a youthful, although often anxious, countenance. He gazed fixedly at his plate of stirabout as he answered, "Well now, I had a notion of takin' in the strawberry calf."

"You'd the notion of a great fool then," said his aunt, "for it's twice the price we'll get if we hold on to her for a bit, till the grass is grown, and people do be wantin' the likes of her to put on theirs."

"Och, but you see Herself was tellin' me this mornin' she's dreaming this good while back," said Jim.

"Dreamin'? Ochone, don't be sayin' so, this day of the year, wid the pitaties and everythin' run out, and nothin' comin' in," said Kate.

"Dreamin' she is," said Jim, "and there's no use denyin' it; for so she was sayin' just now, and I bringin' her the cup of tay."

"And what at all might it be this time?" said Kate.

"Och, an umbrella," said Jim.

"I hope she's well," said Kate. Jim said nothing. "I hope she'll be gettin' her health finely till then," Kate said again. "Musha, cock her up!"

"It's only worse we'd make it wid puttin' her off," Jim said in an experienced tone. "Do you mind last year, when she was dreamin' of a new tay-pot? Every day we were delayin', she was thinkin' of some other shape or pattron had a right to be on it, till me heart was scalded lookin' for the one would satisfy her, and she none too well plased wid it in the end. She's apt to be takin' notions about the color

of the umbrella or the handle, or goodness knows what. I've seen a dale of diff'rent handles on them in Sweeney's shop-window, rael expensive-lookin' ones some of them was. But this mornin' an umbrella's all she's talkin' about, and any kind of a one 'ud content her."

"Where's me poor father's ould one, then, that's leanin' up behind the door there?" Kate suggested desperately.

"I thought of it meself. She says it's only a skeleton bewitched it is, and that she wouldn't be seen settin' fut outside the door wid it. And sure enough the cover's hangin' in flitterjigs intirely," said Jim. "So I was thinkin' I'd better be drivin' in the calf. As we'll first as last. Micky Walsh of Abbeystown mightn't make me too bad an offer, if he's in it. He had a great wish for her mother, that I know."

Toward sunset that evening, when shadows stretched their longest, and embers of light in the west burned behind bars of iron-gray cloud, Mrs. Morrogh's head disappeared from the parlor window, and was to be seen at the front door, which commanded a better view of the road. As she stood watching, a brisk little breeze made her cap frills flap on her light-brown hair, and fluttered stray locks across her light-blue eyes, and freshened up the faded pink in her soft, plump face, which was just now crumpling itself into more peevish puckers every minute, for she had calculated that Jim might easily be home by four o'clock, and here it was close on six, without a sign of him.

"What was delayin' him at all?" she had wondered several times to Kate, who had little leisure to look out; and Kate as often replied, "Ah, sure you couldn't tell but it might ha' been a very late fair; or maybe he had somethin' to be doin' afterwards up in the town."

This was the most direct reference

that she could make to Jim's real business in Ballydrum, as on such occasions it was not the etiquette at Ardree Farm to recognize any connection between Mrs. Morrogh's dream and Jim's purchase. On the contrary, she always declared herself unable to imagine what could have put the notion into his head.

Still, even the vague allusion to the coming umbrella was pleasant, and at first made her resume her look-out contentedly. But as time went on it failed to soothe, and she shook her head at it with mournful irritation, saying she supposed the fact of the matter was that he had gone off to amuse himself with the other lads, and would spend every penny he had in the world, and not be home till all hours of the night. To these unfounded conjectures Kate, with secret indignation, turned a "bothered ear," until, when dusk brought no sign of Jim, she herself grew a little uneasy; and then she said with reassuring confidence, "Och, woman alive, don't be talkin' foolish. He's done no such thing, you may depind. Sure, I'm just after bakin' the bit of griddle-bread for his supper. What 'ud all him not to be back directly now?"

If she had but known, what ailed him was this.

Jim had regretfully sold the strawberry calf, "not too badly considerin'," and had then repaired to Sweeney's shop in the main street, where, after a protracted scrutiny of the wares displayed in the wide window, he had effected a purchase, which made a large hole in one of his two grimy little pound notes. That was a pity, of course, but how else could anybody expect to acquire what the young lady at Sweeney's described as "an exceedingly superior article with a guaranteed paragon frame"? On the whole he was well pleased with his bargain, so much so that when, on his muddy tramp

home, he reached Carriglas cross-roads, he stopped to refresh himself by taking another look at the extremely ornamental handle. Long rays were just striking down through the young fir grove, whose straight, fine stems are strung in the hollow between two up-sloping fields; and under the dazzling red light that carved knob and spray of silvery shamrocks and flowing silken tassel seemed to him more beautiful than ever. He could not refrain from slipping the slim-furled umbrella half out of its shiny American-cloth case to survey its symmetrical green folds.

"She'll be in a great admiration of it, the crathur, any way," he said to himself, as he carefully pulled the case on again.

It is not a prudent thing to stand in the middle of four roads, intent on safely tying up, with clumsy fingers, a precious parcel; and so Jim learned from a teacher whose terms are high and methods rough. For suddenly out of the winding left-hand lane bounced one of Andrew Dill's biggest farm-horses running away with an empty cart. An obstruction so trivial as Jim hardly checked the ponderous gallopade, and when the great shaggy feet and grinding wheels had plunged by, it would have been in no way surprising if he had really lain, as the people who picked him up unanimously declared, "kilt entirely, and all knocked to bits."

In fact, however, he had escaped with injuries which the doctors at Ballydrum Infirmary, whither he was conveyed in Behan's mule-cart, did not think likely to prove fatal. No expert opinion was needed upon the case of the wrecked umbrella, which lay crushed into the mire beside him. With splintered stick, twisted wires, and tattered cover, its plight was clearly hopeless, and its wretched remains eventually became the plaything of some little Dalys from the nearest cabin.

An exaggerated version of the bad news reached Ardoe soon after dark, and brought Jim's mother and aunt post-haste to the infirmary, in a despair out of which they could with difficulty be persuaded. Their relief at finding him still alive was very soon lost in a deepening anxiety. Jim had somehow got a chill, pneumonia set in, and presently the most cheerful of the nurses could say nothing more encouraging than that if he took a turn the right way within the next couple of days or so, he *might* get over it yet. Unhappily, Jim seemed to be turning in quite the wrong direction, and, moreover, everybody said that he was not giving himself a chance with the way he kept on fretting over something.

This was true enough, and plainly enough, too, appeared the reason of his fretting. It had been impossible to hide from him the destruction of the new umbrella. "Sure, didn't I feel the stem of it snap under me in two halves, and I comin' down? 'Tis the last thing I mind rightly," he said himself. And as his fever rose, the loss loomed with fantastic bulk upon his imagination. The thought of his mother's disappointment continually possessed him, and was the theme of the rambling talk in which he persisted with painful effort. Vainly did Mrs. Morrogh protest that it "wasn't a thraneen of matter about the umbrella: sorra a bit of her wanted one at all." Jim went on lamenting hoarsely, between coughs and gasps, that she had set her heart on one altogether.

"Dreamin' of it on and off she is this long while back, she was tellin' me. And how at all am I to save the price of another, even supposin' I get out and about again to-morra, to look after everythin' that's goin' to wrack and ruin on us, wid nobody unless Aunt Kate trapesin' around?"

"I might as well ha' bid him go and destroy himself as ha' talked that trash

to him about dreams and umbrellas. And now he won't mind a word I say, no more than if I was the wind keenin'," Mrs. Morrogh said with remorseful bitterness, one evening, when she and her sister-in-law were trudging home from a visit to the infirmary. And Kate replied despondently, "Sure there's no use now in lettin' on you don't want an umbrella, when well he knows, for all he's so light-headed, that it's just to pacify him; for what other rason would be like to set you agin havin' one?"

"I hate the thought of it," said Mrs. Morrogh, "and me heart's sick tryin' to tell him so."

But on the next morning when they were back again in the whitewashed hospital ward, by the bed that was the centre of all their hope and fear, she endeavored once more to gain Jim's attention. He was tossing about weakly and restlessly, and wondering whether he would get the price of an umbrella for the old hayrick, if it wasn't burnt down, and if he could carry it into market anyhow in a six-foot sack. He misdoubted he ever would. "And there was his mother, the crathur, sittin' in the window, lookin' out for him to be bringin' it home."

"See me here, Jim avic," Mrs. Morrogh said, capturing and holding fast a hot feeble hand. "Just listen till I tell you the quare things I was dreamin' last night."

"Och wirra," Kate said to herself, "Is it tormentin' the poor lad she'd be now wid her ould dreams? I wouldn't ha' thought she'd have the heart to go do it."

"Sure now, Jimmy," said his mother, "it's dreamin' I was I was walkin' along the road to chapel, under the great teems of rain, and bouldin' up the grandest new green umbrella ever you laid eyes on. Fine it was entirely, and an illgant body I was consaitin' meself, goodness forgive me. But if

I was, Jimmy, the very minyit I turned into the straight bit of road along by the lough, after me come a flurry of wind, and caught a grip of the umbrella that nearly wrenched the arm off of me shoulder, and had the two of us whirreled over to the water's edge before I could tell what was happenin' me. Bedad I might as aisy ha' been contindin' wid a mad bullock as tryin' to control it, and headforemost into twelve feet of deep water 'twould ha' dragged me, if it wasn't only that just that instiant of time out of me sleep I woke, all of a cold thrimble. So, Jim alanna, isn't it the rael good luck that I'm ownin' ne'er such a thing whatever? After that dream I wouldn't set fut outside the door wid an umbrella in me hand for all the money in Ireland. For you never could tell when a blast of wind mightn't set it tuggin' you off your standin' and landin' you in the middle of the deer knows what sort of destruction. Och, it's no opinion I have of umbrellas!"

"'Deed, then, that would ha' been the bad job—to be drownin' you," said Jim. "It's lonesome I'd be, missin' you out of the window. But if it's frightened you are of umbrellas, I've no call to be troublin' meself thinkin' how I can't contrive you e'er a one."

"Sorra a bit need you, avourneen," said Mrs. Morrogh. "I wouldn't go widin a mile of one if I could help it, let alone touchin' it."

We cannot, of course, be certain that it was the result of this communication, but undoubtedly Jim did very soon afterwards fall into a quiet sleep, from which he woke with his face set towards recovery. His progress went on so steadily and swiftly that before many days had passed he was at home again, sitting by the kitchen fire, hungry and rather fractious, as convalescents are wont to be, and daily gathering up strength to grapple with the

spring work, which had fallen into sad arrears during his illness.

He often thought regretfully of the strawberry calf, the sale of which had proved worse than useless, and he sometimes said to himself that he was afraid his mother need not have e'er another dream this good while yet, for anything he would be able to get her. Some of the Morroghs' neighbors recommended them to claim compensation for Jim's mishap from Andrew Dill, who had the reputation of being as rich as a Jew and as mean as dirt. But others believed that nothing would come of it, because of the way in which Jim seemed to have been "moonin' about and not mindin' what he was doin'" at the time of the accident. And as the predominant opinion was that "every penny you got at law cost you a shilling," no steps were taken in the matter.

One April morning, when Kate Morrogh was alone in the kitchen, waiting for the others "to come and ait their breakfasts before they had the stir-about destroyed on her," which is a somewhat temper-trying occupation, she heard calls from without, and going to the door, saw Mr. Dill himself sitting at the gate on his side-car.

Kate Morrogh was a person of strong opinions, which her circumstances seldom allowed her to express with much freedom and effect, but this interview seemed to give her an opportunity. Her greeting to Mr. Dill was therefore voluble and vituperative, professing amazement that he should have the face on him to drive by their door, let alone draw up his old bag-o'-bones of a garron at their gate, and he after as good as doing murder on her poor nephew with his ungovernable brutes running wild on the public roads, and not offering so much as a penny out of his pocket.

But it takes at least two to make an audience, and Andrew Dill was not ap-

parently inclined to be one of them, for he hastily handed her a blue envelope, saying, "Ah, whist, ma'am, and bring that in to young Morrogh. I'll call round again for the balance of your oration the first time I've no chance to be hearin' an ould hin crawkin' anywheres more convenient to me own place. Come on out of that, Jewel."

And when the envelope was opened, it contained nothing less than a five-pound note.

In the course of that same week Jim paid another visit to Ballydrum, and this time returned without misadventure. His mother and his aunt, who hurried in from the yard to welcome him, found him rapidly unpacking something, which he stowed away behind the dresser. But in reply to their questions about his doings, he began to relate what seemed a quite irrelevant story.

"I didn't tell you the quare dream I was dreamin' last night," he said. "Comin' out of chapel I seen you and Aunt Kate, and it rainin' in sluices on your good bonnet. So says you to her: 'Afraid of me life I am,' says you, 'to be houldin' up me new umbrella here, for fear the wind 'ud take me off of me two feet, and have me drowned in the deep water,' says you. And with that what does meself but snaps it out of your hand and whirrels it up over your head? 'Bedad, it's the uncommon blast of wind 'ud take me off e'er a one of me feet,' says I. 'And what's to hinder me,' says I, 'of carryin' it for you every wet day of your life?' This-a-way," and Jim seized and expanded a fine brand-new umbrella with a hurry that swept off the shelf behind him a candlestick, which fell clattering to the floor, where it would have succumbed to its injuries had its material been more fragile than tin.

"Och, Jim avic, but you're the great villin!" his mother said ecstatically.

"Sure, you were havin' ne'er a dream

this long while," said Jim, "so I thought to make shift wid a one me-self."

"I wonder now would it be any use

if I tried a bit of a dream," Kate said, standing a little aloof, and looking at them with a sort of half-envious glee.

Jane Barlow.

THE UNITED STATES FLEET.

The prompt arrival of the United States Fleet at Auckland, in accordance with its programme, must have convinced all onlookers, if the fact had not already dawned on them, that the rumors of grave defects in the ships when they started on their long journey were quite unfounded. So far from being in an indifferent condition, the Fleet is proved by results to consist of fine sea-going and sea-keeping ships. We may add that a naval authority, whose opinion we can trust implicitly, has told us that the American ships are thoroughly well designed and well built, and that any nation might be proud of them. It is not enough, however, that the ships should be good in themselves for the performance of such a feat as the American Battleship Fleet is undertaking; the officers must be good too. The record of the cruise so far as it has gone proves that the officers deserve to command their ships. And let us understand that the test is really severe. Small squadrons of ships of various nations have, of course, circumnavigated the world, but this is the first time that a fleet of sixteen battleships has set out to do it. Probably the Fleet will have no harder experiences than it met in rounding the Horn, and though it is still a long way from home at New Zealand, one can forecast for it nothing but a continuance of successful seamanship in the voyage back to America by the Indian Ocean, the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic. The *Times* correspondent at Auckland says that only twice in the voyage from San Francisco has a ship fallen out of line, and then only for a few minutes, owing

in the one case to a mishap to a circulating pump, and in the other to the jamming of the steering gear. The saving in coal consumption has been gradually increased, so that the Fleet's steaming radius has been extended by about 25 per cent. After coming from Honolulu, two thousand nine hundred and seven miles, the ships have enough coal to take them to Sydney, and they could have made a voyage of five thousand miles. We need not insist upon the invaluable training and the great access of self-confidence which this remarkable cruise will afford to both officers and men. The competence of the American Navy is indeed demonstrated, and we are confident we shall not exaggerate when we say that it is the equal of any Navy in the world in proportion to its size.

A writer in the *Times* has given us some very interesting information about the officers and men of the American Navy. His facts are up to date, and should help to end the popular belief that the American blue-jackets are still mostly of foreign birth. Many of them have foreign names, it is true, but their families in most cases have been American for a generation or two. The officers are peculiar in bearing almost entirely English, Irish, or Scotch names. The second and third generations of the great influx into America from the Continent of Europe have not yet found their way into the ward-room. The Naval Academy at Annapolis provides a serious training for what is practised as a serious profession. In essentials Annapolis is not different from the famous military

academy of West Point. It was a symptom of the spirit in the Navy that when the recent pay Bill was before Congress it was not unusual to hear officers say, "Keep the pay, but give us four battleships and more collars." Annapolis is democratic in the sense of being open to all. Any one who presents himself and passes the examination need have no anxiety about money: he is considered to be in the service of the State. But those who conduct the school look for qualities other than academic which fit a man to be an officer. Annapolis accepts many but graduates few. The writer in the *Times* makes a definite distinction between the older and younger officers. The admirals and captains of to-day were educated in the "dead period" after the Civil War. The average age of reaching captain's rank is over fifty-five. For more than ten years the older men will be at the head of affairs; they are fond of rank, for they have waited long, and it is often their inclination to choose the easiest way out of an emergency. "To be honorably retired as an admiral and never to run your ship aground fulfils the ambition of many, though not all." (We conclude that the Battleship Fleet has the good fortune to be without any such types of this older lethargic school.) The younger officer is very different. He is restless, he is even discontented, with the "divine discontent" of a keen man who resents the existence of obstacles to his ambition. He likes the new type of seaman who is truly an American; but he knows he must work desperately hard to train him in the short period of four years. "One cannot live with these younger officers without feeling that the sudden growth of their navy or some other cause has given them an extraordinary military spirit such as you meet with only in epochs of a nation's life. They would make a battleship a factory of ceaseless

industry, and what they are really longing for is an autocrat who will apply the survival-of-the-fittest rule to promotion, and make a fleet an unsentimental business institution, never wasting time on any unnecessary formalities and with no by-products to its output except preparation for war. Moreover, Annapolis men get the habit of hard work at the Academy. They are passionate for high scores for their divisions and ships at target practice. Morning and afternoon they drill the men until the men are stale, and then they find more work in studying. Some critics say that they overdo it; that they are in danger of getting stale themselves. Mostly they associate little with the people of civil life. They live in a world of itself, a self-absorbed, professional world where they are compelled, according to the American custom, to know every branch of the service. We conclude, we have said, that the undesirable type of older officer is absent from the Battleship Fleet which has just visited Auckland. But the writer in the *Times* suggests that in certain ships there may be an efficiency which is due to the younger officers in spite of their seniors. "Usually," he says, "the first-lieutenant of a battleship entered the Academy just as the first modern ships were building. He has grown with the Navy." It seems that the young American officer wants promotion by merit. And yet how difficult that principle is when it comes to the practice of it! It opens the sluice-gates of favoritism, or what may easily be mistaken for favoritism. It has been proposed, for example, that the President should have power to appoint young admirals. That appears to be just what the young officer is asking for. But no; in that proposal he sees the immemorial bane of both services in America—political influence—and he will have none of it.

The men of the American Navy are young. Hardened seamen are rare. The average age is a little over twenty-one. Before the Spanish-American War re-enlistment was more common than it is now, but then the men served only three years instead of four as now. An interesting fact is that the best seamen on the whole come from the interior of America. Many of them never saw salt water till they went to a Navy yard. They see the world in a man-of-war, learn a good deal of mechanics, which is useful to them afterwards, and return to civil life sometimes when they are not much older than twenty-one. Desertion was a serious matter four or five years ago, but it has almost ceased. The relations between officers and men are superficially less disciplined than in the British Navy, but in practice it "works out into a pretty severe system." It seems to us that the preservation of a nucleus of seasoned seamen is most desirable, even though the younger men in their four years are as keen and intelligent as the American bluejackets are said to be. For that reason we hope the expectation will be fulfilled that re-enlistment will become much more usual than it is now. The men are well fed, and in cold weather the ships are warmed like hotels or trains—by steam-heat. Admiral Evans did much to make the sailor's life more human and more interesting. He found a discontented fleet and left it contented. Take the encouragement of boxing, for example. "On the fore-castle the ring is built, with seats around it for the officers, and Jack crowding behind them upon the deck and the turrets. Cheers are allowed, but no cat-calls, and one groan over a decision means that all the rest of the contests that evening are called off. Some of the best amateur bouts I have ever seen have been between American bluejackets. They never fail to 'go in'

for all their worth, as the honor of their ships and the temper of the audience demand."

All Englishmen, we are sure, will look with sympathy on what we take to be the assured rise to eminence of the United States Navy. Strategically, of course, the Navy will have to meet the most difficult problem in the world. It has the two enormous coast-lines of the Atlantic and the Pacific to defend, and the fleets which must do it will be far distant from one another. Even when the Panama Canal is cut a junction of fleets will be no quick or easy matter. Fortunately, true naval policy is really simple in principle, and will remain comparatively so even for America if only the Navy Department is not misled by false considerations. American strategists should not let themselves be harassed by a desperate balancing of conflicting temptations to "control the Atlantic" on the one hand, or to "control the Pacific" on the other. The sea is one and indivisible, and the principle of naval strategy is also one and indivisible. The right place for the main strength of the American Navy will always be not a definite locality merely because that locality is peculiarly in need of protection, but the point at which a fleet is most conveniently placed for overcoming its most likely enemy. There, and there only, without other considerations, should strength be concentrated. It may be said that this is rather a theoretical than a practical difference, but the mental ways of approaching the problem are really very important. Suppose, for example, Americans were mistakenly to concentrate their thoughts on the Pacific as their almost exclusive concern, they would be in danger of leaving out of the reckoning the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine which is taken to apply to all South America, and which we believe is well worth keeping unas-

sailed, for it is a clear and useful declaration of policy that helps to simplify the affairs of the Western world and therefore to keep the peace.

The Spectator.

plify the affairs of the Western world and therefore to keep the peace.

ELECTRICITY IN AGRICULTURE.

Some thirty years ago Prof. Lemström, of the University of Helsingfors, sought to elucidate the Aurora Borealis by trying to imitate its appearance by electrical experiments. For this purpose he produced high-tension discharges of various kinds, and sent them through vacuum tubes until he got an appearance very like those of the northern lights. Some of these experiments he conducted in his greenhouse—to the best of my belief, according to his own account, given when on a visit to England—and he noticed incidentally that the plants seemed to thrive under the treatment, and that the electrification thus produced in their neighborhood appeared to do them good. He also noticed, as remarkable, the flourishing development of plants in Arctic regions, where the sunlight was very weak, and he attributed part of this growth to the influence of electric discharges.

He says that when the plants in the north of Norway, Spitsbergen, and Finnish Lapland have resisted the frequently destructive night frosts, they show a degree of development which greatly surpasses that of plants in more southern regions, where the climatic conditions are more advantageous. This rich development appears principally in the fresh and clear colors of the flowers, in their strong perfume, in the rapid development of the leaves on the tree and their scent, but particularly in the rich harvest which different seeds—such as rye, oats and barley—will produce, when, as before stated, they are not destroyed by the frosts. From a bushel of rye sown

there will often result forty bushels, and from barley twenty bushels, and so forth. It is the same with grass. These results are attained notwithstanding the fact that the people cultivate their soil very imperfectly, using only ploughs and harrows of wood.

He pursued the matter by careful observation, taking test-plants in pairs or groups; electrifying one group—that is to say, discharging some electricity into the air above it—and keeping a similar group away from the electricity, in order to be able to compare them. Then he photographed the two groups side by side, and found in nearly all cases a marked improvement as the result of the electrical treatment. He concluded that the needle-like shape of the leaves in fir-trees, and the beard on the ears of most cereals, have the discharge of electricity as their function; and he found that they do act in this way.

This observation and these experiments of Prof. Lemström were not, indeed, the beginning of the application of electricity to plant growth, because pioneer attempts had been made long before by the Abbé Berthelon in 1783, but it was the beginning of a thorough and scientific treatment of the problem. Prof. Berthelot, at Meudon, has also attacked it; so have Dr. Cook and Mr. J. H. Priestley, of Bristol. During the winter of 1904 Mr. J. E. Newman installed a small trial apparatus, consisting of a small influence machine of the Wimshurst type and overhead discharge wires, at the Golden Valley Nurseries at Bliton, near Bristol. The wires ran about sixteen

inches above the tops of the plants, or above the rows of tomatoes in the glasshouses; and short pieces of fine wire, with the free ends pointing downwards, acted as discharge points. Mr. G. R. Newman has now established a large-scale installation there.

Attempts of a different kind had also been made by other experimenters. Plates had been sunk in the ground, and a current passed between them among the roots of plants; but whatever effect is thus caused is of a totally different kind from that excited by high-tension electricity supplied to the air above them. Both in a manner are natural processes. There are natural earth currents, and these must flow among the roots of plants, though whether they produce an appreciable effect may be doubted. There is a natural atmospheric electrification, and this must be playing an important part in many phenomena. Atmospheric electrification is responsible for the coalescence of cloud globules into rain. During fine weather the electricity in the air is usually of one sign: positive. When wet weather sets in, the electricity in the air usually changes sign, becoming negative. The whole subject is a large one; a great deal is known about it, and vastly more remains to be known; but meanwhile it can hardly be doubted that the electrification of the air has some effect on growing plants. For it is found that under the influence of ultra-violet light, electrified plants can give off electricity into the air from the leaves; and the fact that the upper air is normally electrified, relatively to the soil, must cause all plants to be electrified also; so that in all probability they are in a constant state of slow electrical discharge, which becomes more rapid when the sun is up. In what way this discharge of electricity from their growing tips, and hair, and surface generally, really acts, must be studied

and reported on by physiological botanists, but it is natural to suppose that it cannot be without influence, and reasonable to think that that influence may be beneficial—a hypothesis which direct experiment confirms.

Possibly in some sunny countries the effect is excessive, and might, with advantage, be moderated, but in this climate it turns out that artificial supply of electricity does increase the rapidity and assist the amount of growth. At any rate, the experiments of Lemström, which had been repeated and extended by others, clearly pointed in that direction. So when, after some preliminary experiments at Bitton, Mr. J. E. Newman, of 3 Howard Street, Gloucester, acting in conjunction with Mr. R. Bomford, of Bevington Hall, Evesham, at his farm near Salford Priors, determined to try the phenomenon on a really large scale, and came to me to see if I could help them electrically, and enable them to maintain a continuous high-tension discharge for hours together each day over ten or eleven acres by means of power furnished by an oil engine and dynamo, I very willingly assented, and set my son, Mr. Lionel Lodge, upon the work.

The method is to stretch over the field to be treated a number of wires on poles, something like low telegraph wires, but high enough for loaded wagons and all the usual farming operations to go on underneath the wires without let or hindrance. The wires are quite thin, and are supported by a few posts in long parallel spans, about 30 feet apart. One pole per acre is enough. The electrified area was about 19 acres. The wires are supported on the posts by elaborate high-tension insulators, and they extend over all the acreage under experiment, a control plot of similar land under similar conditions being, of course, left without any wires.

The system of conductors is then

connected at one point with a generator supplying positive electricity at a potential of something like a hundred thousand volts, and with sufficient power to maintain a constant supply of electricity at this kind of potential.

Leakage immediately begins, and the charge fizzes off from the wires with a sound which is sometimes audible, and with a glow which is just visible in the dark. Any one walking about below the wires can sometimes feel the effect on the hair of the head, as of a cobweb on the face. They are then feeling the stimulating action of the electrification.

The electrification is maintained for some hours each day, but is shut off at night; it is probably only necessary to supply it during the early morning hours in summer-time, and in spring-time or in cold cloudy weather for the whole day. During bright sunshine it seems unnecessary, and may even be harmful. But at what stages of the growth of a plant the stimulus is most effective has still to be made out; probably the earlier it is begun the better; and since in the case of wheat both the ear and the straw is valuable, the electrification should be applied for a time each day during the whole period of growth, except perhaps during drought.

The power required to generate the electricity is very small, for although the potential is high, the quantity is insignificant, and the energy is accordingly comparatively trivial. The electricity can be generated in more than one way. It can be generated by a Wimshurst machine, or it can be generated by transforming up to high tension, and rectifying to one direction, the current of a dynamo. The first is in many respects the simplest, and was used in the early and small-scale experiments, but it can hardly be regarded as an engineering method adapted to continuous or rough use.

The latter is the one which in the trials now to be described we have adopted.

The power is generated by a two-horse oil engine driving a small dynamo in an outhouse of the farm. Thence the current is taken by ordinary overhead wires to the field, where they enter a suitable weather-tight hut, which contains the transforming and rectifying apparatus. The only moving part here is the "break," and if the original dynamo had been an alternator, even this might be dispensed with. The transformer is a large induction coil, specially made to stand continuous use, and its current is then rectified by means of vacuum valves in accordance with a patented device of my own.

The negative electricity is conveyed direct to earth, while high-tension electricity, all of positive sign, is led by a specially insulated conductor out of the shed to the nearest point of the overhead insulated wires, which are thereby maintained at continuous high positive potential.

The following is a very brief summary of returns and information supplied to me by Mr. Newman and Mr. Bomford, showing the results from the electrified as compared with the control unelectrified plots.

SUMMARIZED RESULTS OF THE 1906

EXPERIMENTS.

Bushels of Wheat per Acre.

(*Estimated corresponding increase in straw not measured.*)

	From the un-electrified		From the electrified	Increases
Canadian (Red Fife)	35½	25½	40	p.c.
English (White Queen)	40	31	30	p.c.

Moreover, the electrified wheat sold at prices some 7½ per cent. higher, several millers in baking tests finding that it produced a better baking flour.

The increase appears to be mainly due to better stooling. No marked difference was observable in the development of ears.

SUMMARIZED RESULTS OF THE 1907

EXPERIMENTS ON WHEAT.

RED FIFE, SPRING SOWN.

Bushels per Acre (Head Wheat.)

Electrified	Unelectrified	Increase
41.4	32	29 p. c.

Electrified wheat brighter, and a better sample.

Increase again partly due to better stooling, but this time there was better filling out of ears.

These results are for wheat alone, but a good many other crops were tried at the same time.

HOURS OF RUNNING.

1906.

March 16 to July 10, inclusive, 621¾ on 90 days.

Average electrical pressure corresponded to a ¾-in. spark.

Current shut off after ears in bloom.

Nature.

1907.

March 28 to July 27, 1014 hours on 115 days.

Average pressure corresponded to a half-inch spark.

Current kept on to harvest.

Those interested in the experiments are much indebted to the enthusiastic cooperation of Mr. Bomford. It may be interesting to note that it was at a farm belonging to Mr. Bomford's father that the first steam ploughing in England was done.

Prof. Lemström is undoubtedly the pioneer in this sort of work, though circumstances connected with the natural electrification of the atmosphere and with the discharge of electricity from various surfaces have been pertinaciously examined by Profs. Elster and Geitel.

Oliver Lodge.

THE ROMANCE OF AMERICA.

It is an old truth that while the caricature of strangers does not rankle, that of friends and relations is apt to give offence. The reason is that it touches with ridicule points of personal dignity which lie sensitive beneath the surface. This is true of nations. The wild extravagance of "John Bull" and "Jean Bonhomme," though doubtless helping to feed ignorant hatred or contempt for the foreigner, does not embitter feeling. But the relations between two nations of the same stock, language, and institutions, with memories of a violent severance to sharpen criticism, are far more seriously affected by what they think and say about one another. The process of cross-caricature which has been going on between England and the United States, from the time when Dickens crossed "the pond" up to the present day, has been a constant source of soreness, especially on the side of America,

as is the coldness with which our public has received the victories of the American athletes in the Stadium. For while many of the offensive pictures in the American portrait of an Englishman, such as his unsociability, glumness, emotional torpor, and a certain brutality of tone and bearing, do not actually give us offence, indeed, are perhaps felt as complimentary, it is quite otherwise with the English portrait of a typical American. The notion of America as a raw land of eager, vulgar, unscrupulous "hustlers," hunting for dollars in order to expend them in ostentation, where politics is nothing but a corrupt scramble for office and for "graft," where literature rarely rises above low-grade journalism, where science is enslaved to mechanical invention, still rules the minds of the main body of the middle-classes.

Though every intelligent Englishman who has really acquainted himself with

the country and its people by travel, conversation, or reading, is aware of the serious distortion of such a picture, its falseness is supported by two curiously different sorts of testimony. The English "tripper," or casual visitor, is the least observant of men. The conditions of his travel impress upon his mind merely the crudest and most superficial images of a sort of life which is in no true sense the life of America. The impulsive sympathy, which in French or German visitors would generate some measure of understanding, is too apt in him to give place to emphasis of those obvious differences in external life and manners that touch his national feeling and his personal prejudices. It is the very fact that Americans speak the English language and present so many familiar English characteristics that stirs in English visitors this zest for hypercriticism, which is directed towards Americans as quasi-Englishmen. Impressions thus got are often supported by the vivid talk of Americans, who, half-consciously, lay themselves out to stagger their English acquaintances by a dramatic rendering of the defects and diseases of their country. Hardly any American ought to be taken quite so seriously as most English readers take Mark Twain and Mr. Dooley. It is not, however, profitable to discuss how far the falsification of America is attributable to English slowness or to American humor. The important thing is to realize the harm it does, and, if possible, to undo it. For in the future civilization of the world, as far as we can forecast it, the true interests of England and America march together more surely and more closely than those of any other nations.

This is the sentiment, a just and sane one as we conceive it, which animates the effort of Mr. H. Perry Robinson to explain for English readers "The Twentieth Century American" (Put-

nam). We are not sure that Mr. Robinson does not overstep his object in the zeal of his advocacy of a political alliance between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations. For it is doubtful whether, in the present trend of national ambitions and immediate interests, such an alliance would yield the fruits of universal peace. But we have nothing but praise for the skilful manner in which the author sets himself to forward a harmony of thought and feeling between England and America, by explaining and removing so many of the common elements of misunderstanding. One source of trouble, upon which he justly lays stress, is the notion, widely prevalent in this country, that the good-humored indifference, tempered by friendly recognition of distant relationship, which is the current British attitude towards the United States, is reciprocated by that country in its mental attitude towards us. Now this is not the case. In English history the American "rebellion" is merely a by-gone incident, the War of 1812 a dim and trivial memory, the "Alabama" affair, and our attitude in the Civil War, matters of no deep significance. But in American history these things bulk immense. More than half of the most dramatic portion of that history shows England the enemy, and though these memories do not, save in a section of Irish-Americans, leave active bitterness, they leave a sensitive background of national feeling. But not less important is it to realize how the quite recent developments of American commercial and political ambitions affect their feelings towards this country. America is the *nouveau riche* on the most magnificent scale. The youngest of the great nations, she is eager to become world-reputable, and she is animated by the Anglo-Saxon notion of gentility expressed in the cultivation of the sporting spirit.

Shallow critics, like Matthew Arnold, dwelt upon the lack of "distinction" in America, and found there only a dull level of mediocrity. There never has been a nation so possessed with a fury of individual and national distinction, so eager to make careers and to make history. Nor is this distinction comprised, as is often alleged, in "making a pile." Mr. Robinson, an educated Englishman with twenty years' residence in America, strongly supports the contention of Professor Münsterberg that commercial success and money-making in America are not expressions of low covetousness and materialistic instinct. They rather constitute the avenue of individual achievement, the realization of personal distinction, which the environment from which America is now emerging has impressed for a couple of generations upon its life. "The American," wrote Münsterberg, "works for money in exactly the sense that a great painter works for money; the high price which is paid for his picture is a very welcome indication of the general appreciation of his art, but he would never get this appreciation if he were working for the money instead of his artistic ideals. Economically to open up this gigantic country, to bring the fields and forests, rivers and mountains, into the service of economic progress, to incite the millions of inhabitants to have new needs and to satisfy these by their own resourcefulness, to increase the wealth of the nation, and, finally, economically to rule the world, and within the nations to raise the economic power of the individual to undreamed-of importance, has been the work which has fascinated the American."

The romance of America has lain of necessity in the plane of industrial development in the past. Nor is she likely to retire from business. But hitherto her own country has been large enough to absorb her energy and

her romantic ambitions. This, however, could not last. Her immense fund of vital energy could not be contained within these limits, spacious though they were. Ninety millions of the most energetic, adventurous, sentimental, restless, and imaginative people the world has ever seen, have cast their individual and collective cravings for self-expression and power into dreams of a world-destiny, bolder and more eager for fulfilment than any which has occupied the minds of empire-makers in the past. Mr. Roosevelt is rightly discerned as the epitome of this new spirit; America at once the great war-power and the supreme peacemaker, setting her own house in order upon a basis of humanity and justice, and imposing her autocratic order upon disturbed peoples throughout the American continents, a democracy at home, an imperial power in the Pacific, America the majestic possessor and the magnificent bestower of a civilization in which disinterested culture, commercial prosperity, enthusiasm for competitive sport, and peace secured by gigantic armaments, shall be welded into stable harmony—such is the vision. This America and her prophet are well-wishers of humanity, but they are not anxious to fuse America in any cosmopolitan union. They want to see America separate and first, first in wealth and trade, in education and in intellectual achievement; and, above all, first in the use of world-power, a sportsman, a soldier, and a gentleman among the nations of the earth.

In the realization of this "manifest destiny" the British Empire stands out as their great rival, a friendly rival perhaps—but still a rival. Mr. Robinson does well to remind us that America is less friendly to this country than we are towards her, for the knowledge of the truth on such a matter is our best security. Few who know Americans as Mr. Robinson knows them, not

merely the cultivated cosmopolitan American of New York, Boston, or Washington, not the business classes of the East, but the motley crowds throughout the vast Republic, will question the accuracy of his conviction that, "if any pretext should arise, the minds of the masses of the American people could more easily be inflamed to the point of desiring war with England than they could to the point of desiring war with any other nation." At once sensational, sensitive, and sentimental, this prairie-mind of the American democracy is a source both of peril and of hope. For the danger which exists at present is one which

The Nation.

education and the growing co-operation of the two nations in a hundred pacific enterprises is peculiarly adapted to dispel. These amicable relations exist now in countless spheres of activity, commercial, scientific, humanitarian and educational. It is to the quiet growth of this practical and spiritual concert that we would look for the present scope of co-operation rather than to a formal political alliance, which might, if it fell under the dominion of certain forces, as a discerning American has said, become no better than "an Anglo-Saxon alliance for the vulgarization of the world."

THE TRUE MONUMENT FOR DICKENS.

The question whether a statue of Dickens shall be erected, which has been discussed during the past few days, can only be answered, we should think, in one way. Dickens himself did not wish for a statue, and said so,—that, at all events, is the interpretation put upon his injunctions by the Dickens family; and at least, so long as his near relations are alive, their judgment should be received as final by decent people. It may be said that a man's fame cannot be administered by his own wishes, because it is a national possession, and that a liberal increment must always be allowed to his estimate of his own importance, because that estimate was presumably guided by modesty. And it actually is being said that the erection of a statue would not be more incompatible with the sense of Dickens's words than his burial in Westminster Abbey was with his injunction that he should be "buried in an inexpensive, unostentatious, and strictly private manner, without any public announcement of the time or place of his burial." Of

course there must be room for discretion in such matters, but we still think that discretion positively excludes the disregard of the wishes of near relations. We ourselves are in favor of statues in principle—when the statues are better than most of those in London—because they are picturesque, associate particular memories in a very desirable way with particular districts so that the very ground seems to speak its history, and provoke inquiry in laggard and inattentive brains. We are yet a long way from overdoing the erection of statues, and Professor Waldstein in his general praise of the habit of dotting them about a country apparently did not think it even necessary to mention the revulsion of feeling in Paris against "statueizing" minor celebrities, and the resolution to stay what has at last become a veritable plague. But the fame of Dickens can get on very well without a statue. Wren's epitaph, *si monumentum requiris circumspice*, is magnificently true of Dickens's novels.

The reaction which nearly always

follows the exaltation of a writer to the heights has already passed in the case of Dickens. It has done good, because it has knocked away the rotten supports of his fame, and disclosed more clearly the mighty ones on which it will rest firmly for ever. A generation which was specially aroused to the importance of being careful of the "p's" and "q's" of literary form found it easy to disparage the want of discipline in Dickens's writing; but a very slight reaction from that particular reaction has convinced all but the incurable prigs that, after all, a majestic forest growth, even if sometimes too luxuriant, is preferable to a spick-and-span desert. Those who cry very loudly for the pruning of Dickens have generally nothing of their own worth pruning. But the reaction, as we have said, has done good. We no longer read Dickens all expectant for the nobility of his passages of sentiment; we no longer fly into tantrums or dissolve in tears at his disposal of this or that character. We have long since been reconciled to the death of Little Nell. We see the truth now that the gorgeous imagination, the whimsical observation, the geniality, and the wholesomeness of Dickens were all driven through the channels of circumstance which controlled the course of his plots, and that the plots, with their love-making and dying, matter hardly at all. We can conceive ourselves—if we may suppose for a moment that we are back in the days when Dickens was being published in monthly parts—fighting round a shop to obtain the latest issue, and read a new chapter in which Mr. Pecksniff improves the occasion; but we cannot possibly conceive ourselves enduring the same labors to discover whether Martin Chuzzlewit married Mary. Yet that is really the kind of thing which many of our predecessors persuaded themselves that they wanted to know. The "monthly parts" were

the explanation of nearly all the formlessness of Dickens's construction. "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" is not formless, and that is a novel, or part of one, in which Dickens set out with a definite and immutable plot in his mind; but "Oliver Twist," which was written in "monthly parts," goes on and on inconsequently, often preparing to come to an end, like the sermon of an extempore preacher, but taking new life unexpectedly and going off again at a tangent. "Oliver Twist," in fact, was kept alive just so long as the author's plans for other work were unsettled. Really the characters of Dickens are interchangeable; they all might appear in any other novel than that in which they do appear; action does not grow progressively out of character; but the action or plot is a bare pretext for introducing the characters.

We read a paper some time ago in which Canon Benham demonstrated the chronological chaos of "Martin Chuzzlewit," and proved that the circumstances of the murder by Jonas Chuzzlewit could never have been fitted into the time allotted to them. Yet Canon Benham declared that he enjoys "Martin Chuzzlewit" more than any of Dickens's novels. Those are the perfectly compatible judgments of a just Dickens scholar. Chronology is a matter of indifference. The sun is always ready obligingly to stand still while one revels in the company, independent of time or place or plot, of Pecksniff, and Mrs. Gamp, and Micawber, and Dick Swiveller, and Chadband, and Bumble, and Silas Wegg, and Sydney Carton, and Sam Weller, and Pickwick, and the rest. If the contemporaries of Dickens relatively took too seriously the plots and the sentiment which often strayed into mawkishness, we must remember that they were also personally concerned in the social problems which Dickens tackled. The

Poor Law is as real and as difficult a problem now as it was then, and it is arguable that the Circumlocution Office remains; but the other problems have passed, and can never again be pleaded by any one, however blind, as the reasons of the abiding greatness of Dickens. The Yorkshire schools have perished as completely as the memory of Dotheboys Hall will last, and the casual and abominably negligent system of nursing of which Mrs. Gamp was the archetype has given place to a regularity and fostering care which are one of the chief prides of our civilization. But the literary and human qualities shine on for all time and for universal enjoyment. A passage comes into our head from "Nicholas Nickleby" as an example of Dickens's spacious use of subjects which are kept locked up by many brains,—academic, incommunicable, and dull:—

"I hope you have preserved the unities, sir," said Mr. Curdle. "The original piece is a French one," said Nicholas. "There is abundance of incident, sprightly dialogue, strongly-marked characters—" "All unavailing without a strict observance of the unities, sir," returned Mr. Curdle. "The unities of the drama before everything." "Might I ask you," said Nicholas, hesitating between the respect he ought to assume and his love of the whimsical, "might I ask you what the unities are?" Mr. Curdle coughed and considered. "The unities, sir," he said, "are a completeness—a kind of a universal dove-tailedness with regard to place and time—a sort of a general oneness, if I may be allowed to use so strong an expression. I take those to be the dramatic unities, so far as I have been enabled to bestow attention upon them, and I have read much upon the subject, and thought much. I find, running through the performances of this child," said Mr. Curdle, turning to the phenomenon, "a unity of feeling, a breadth, a light and shade, a warmth of coloring, a tone, a har-

mony, a glow, an artistical development of original conceptions, which I look for in vain among older performers—I don't know whether I make myself understood?" "Perfectly," replied Nicholas.

Surely Cornelle and others were never justified better for their violation of the unities of the drama, even in thousands of pages of criticism?

And then there is an eloquence in Dickens, which has perhaps never been appreciated as it should have been by his critics; certainly it should never have been allowed to be swamped by the sentimentality or the mere magniloquence. We do not take the case of Dick Swiveller, because there are in him signs of being amused at his own torrents of words. But Pecksniff was never his own critic. The following passage is instinctively eloquent in form, though so deliberately broken up, and though completely safeguarding our conception of Pecksniff's character, notably by the perfect interjection of the "pagan, I regret to say":—

"Now," said Mr. Pecksniff, crossing his two fore-fingers in a manner which was at once conciliatory and argumentative: "I will not, upon the one hand, go so far as to say that she deserves all the inflections which have been so very forcibly and hilariously suggested"; one of his ornamental sentences; "nor will I, upon the other, on any account compromise my common understanding as a man by making the assertion that she does not. What I would observe is, that I think some practical means might be devised of inducing our respected—shall I say our revered—?" "No!" interposed the strong-minded woman in a loud voice. "Then I will not," said Mr. Pecksniff. "You are quite right, my dear madam, and I appreciate, and thank you for, your discriminating objection—our respected relative, to dispose himself to listen to the promptings of nature—and not to the—" "Go on, Pa!" cried Mercy. "Why, the truth is, my dear,"

said Mr. Pecksniff, smiling upon his assembled kindred, "that I am at a loss for a word. The name of those fabulous animals (pagan, I regret to say) who used to sing in the water, has quite escaped me." Mr. George Chuzzlewit suggested "Swans." "No," said Mr. Pecksniff. "Not swans. Very like swans, too. Thank you." The nephew with the outline of a countenance, speaking for the first and last time on that occasion, propounded "Oysters." "No," said Mr. Pecksniff, with his own peculiar urbanity, "nor oysters. But by no means unlike oysters; a very excellent idea; thank you, my dear sir, very much. Wait! Sirens. Dear me! sirens, of course. I think, I say, that means might be devised of disposing our respected relative to listen to the promptings of nature, and not to the siren-like delusions of art."

Chadband's oratory, as in "It is the ray of rays, the sun of suns, the moon of moons, the star of stars, it is the light of Terewth," is salubrious satire, and never likely to be superfluous; but Micawber was absolutely eloquent even when most fatuous:—

"My dear Copperfield," said Mr. Micawber, rising with one of his thumbs in each of his waistcoat pockets, "the companion of my youth: if I may be allowed the expression—and my esteemed friend Traddles: if I may be permitted to call him so—will allow me, on the part of Mrs. Micawber, myself, and our offspring, to thank them in the warmest and most uncompromising terms for their good wishes. It may be expected that on the eve of a migration which will consign us to a perfectly new existence," Mr. Micawber spoke as if they were going five hundred thousand miles, "I should offer a few valedictory remarks to two such friends as I see before me. But all that I have to say in this way I have said. Whatever station in society I may attain, through the medium of the learned profession of which I am about to become an unworthy member, I shall endeavor not to disgrace, and Mrs. Micawber will be safe to adorn.

Under the temporary pressure of pecuniary liabilities, contracted with a view to their immediate liquidation, but remaining unliquidated through a combination of circumstances, I have been under the necessity of assuming a garb from which my natural instincts recoil—I allude to spectacles—and possessing myself of a cognomen to which I can establish no legitimate pretensions. All I have to say on that score is, that the cloud has passed from the dreary scene, and the God of Day is once more high upon the mountain tops. On Monday next, on the arrival of the four o'clock afternoon coach at Canterbury, my foot will be on my native heath—my name, Micawber!" Mr. Micawber resumed his seat on the close of these remarks, and drank two glasses of punch in grave succession. He then said with much solemnity, "One thing more I have to do, before this separation is complete, and that is to perform an act of justice. My friend, Mr. Thomas Traddles, has, on two several occasions, 'put his name,' if I may use a common expression, to bills of exchange for my accommodation. On the first occasion Mr. Thomas Traddles was left—let me say, in short, in the lurch. The fulfilment of the second has not yet arrived. The amount of the first obligation," here Mr. Micawber carefully referred to papers, "was, I believe, twenty-three, four, nine and a half; of the second, according to my entry of that transaction, eighteen, six, two. These sums, united, make a total, if my calculation is correct, amounting to forty-one, ten, eleven and a half. My friend Copperfield will perhaps do me the favor to check that total?" I did so and found it correct. "To leave this Metropolis," said Mr. Micawber, "and my friend Mr. Thomas Traddles, without acquitting myself of the pecuniary part of this obligation, would weigh upon my mind to an insupportable extent. I have, therefore, prepared for my friend Mr. Thomas Traddles, and I now hold in my hand, a document which accomplishes the desired object. I beg to hand to my friend, Mr. Thomas Traddles, my I O U for forty-one, ten, eleven and a half, and I am happy to recover my moral dignity, and to know

that I can once more walk erect before my fellow man."

Every reader of Dickens, of course, will be able to match his favorite passages against ours. The enthusiasm with which such competitions are often conducted is the truest proof of the

The Spectator.

solace—we do not use too strong a word—which such memories bring in times of vexation, dullness, or grief. And in them—whichever they may be—detached, as they are and properly should be, but complete and memorable in themselves, the true monument to Dickens is to be found.

THE SPEECH.

"I have finished my speech," said Mr. Brook-Wyllie as he entered the dining-room. "I wish you'd listen to it. Only no nonsense, mind."

"All right," said Jack. "Go ahead!"

"It is with mingled feelings," Mr. Brook-Wyllie began, "that I rise to my feet to reply to the far too kind and flattering remarks about me. . . ."

"But, father," said Agnes, "you haven't heard them yet."

"No, of course not," said her father; "but that's quite a safe opening. They're sure to come. Hastie's speech is certain to be fairly greasy. How could it be otherwise?"

"Of course," said Jack. "Go on, father."

"... the too kind and flattering remarks about me," Mr. Brook-Wyllie continued, "which have fallen from the lips of my old friend Mr. Hastie, our worshipful mayor."

"Oh, father," said Beryl, "do you really mean to say 'fallen from the lips'? It's so horribly stilted."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Brook-Wyllie, "it's a regular form of words. How could you put it?"

"I should say, 'which have been uttered,' or something simple and direct like that," said Beryl.

"I don't mind that," said Agnes. "What I object to is calling that impossible Mr. Hastie your old friend. You know you've always barred him."

"My dear, have I? He's a very good fellow at heart."

"Yes," said Jack, "they always are—at heart—that breed."

"My dear children," said Mr. Brook-Wyllie, "you are very young. When you are my age you will know that you must not be so critical. I intend to call Hastie my old friend whatever happens. Besides, for all practical purposes he is."

"He did all he could to help in your defeat at the last election," said Jack.

"Well, that was a matter of political conviction. I can't punish him for that."

"Political grandmother!" said Jack.

"Anyway," said Agnes, "you needn't go out of your way to butter him up."

"Well," said her father, "suppose for a minute that I said exactly what I felt, how do you think it would come out? What kind of a figure should I—should we all cut? I now resume," he added, clearing his throat. "'Since public speaking is not my forte—' By the way, Agnes, is it 'forte,' or 'fort-e'? I notice people say 'plano-fort-e' a good deal."

"I should say 'forte'—one syllable—if I were you," said Agnes.

"... Since public speaking is not my forte, I propose to say only a very few words—"

"Hear! Hear!" said Jack.

"It has been a very great pleasure to me to hand over to the Corporation this piece of land."

"Oh, father," cried Beryl, "how can

you say so? It wasn't a pleasure. You had to do it to keep Redlands."

"Well, my dear, it was a very great pleasure to us all to keep Redlands, so the phrase is all right. By handing over the land we had pleasure."

"Yes," said Agnes dubiously, "I suppose that's true."

"And I hope," Mr. Brook-Wyllie continued, "that it will serve a useful and (may I add?) delightful purpose in its new career as a Bilmington lung.' That's rather good, I think."

"What's good?" said Beryl coldly.

"Why, the word 'lung.' Meaning an open space."

"Why not say 'open space,' then?"

"My dear child, how could I? Look at the tameness of it—as a Bilmington open space."

"Quite as good as 'lung,'" said Beryl, "and more decent."

"Decent!" gasped the orator.

"Yes, decent. I consider the employment in rhetoric of the internal organs of the human body a serious blot."

"Human!" cried Jack. "Well, I like that. Why, pigs have lungs."

"One does not think of a pig's lungs," said Beryl. "Pig's trotters, I grant you, and pig's liver; but never pig's lungs."

"Beryl," said her father, "you are very young. When you come to my age you will realize that there are many occasions when an epigrammatic term is more effective than a plain and commonplace one."

"You will also learn," Jack added, "that the lung is never indecent."

"Don't be coarse," said Beryl.

"A few words," Mr. Brook-Wyllie went on, "may not be inopportune —"

"Out of place," suggested Beryl.

"... inopportune," Mr. Brook-Wyllie continued, "concerning the history of the aforesaid plot."

"Oh, father," cried Agnes, "not

'aforesaid plot.' That's like a lawyer's document."

"But how the dickens," said her father, "is one to refer to it? I can't say 'lung' again."

"No, certainly not," said Beryl.

"This part has given me more trouble than all the rest of the thing put together," said Mr. Brook-Wyllie. "How on earth those writing fellows manage it, I can't think."

"Say 'this piece of ground,' or 'the piece of ground in question,' father," said Beryl.

"Very well. 'Piece of ground.' It came into the possession of my ancestor Sir Humphrey Brook during the Commonwealth, being a grant to him by Oliver Cromwell for services rendered in the Parliamentary cause."

"Better go slow with that," said Jack. "Old Lady Catt will be present, and she's a Jacobite and all the rest of it. Sends a wreath to Whitehall every year, don't you know?"

"Oh, please don't offend Lady Catt," said Agnes. "At least, not till the Pageant is over. She offered to put us up all the week, and that will save all kinds of trouble."

"But it is the only interesting part of my speech," said her father.

"Never mind, dad, cut it out," said Agnes. "It's much better to speak badly than well. People think more of you. They're suspicious of fluent speakers. Just say you are very much honored and so on, and sit down."

"I don't think I ought to," said Mr. Brook-Wyllie. "I've taken a lot of trouble over this speech, and it will be expected of me. People will go away disappointed if I don't deliver it, and that won't be fair. One must be fair and kind."

"True kindness," said Beryl, "is not to make speeches at all."

"Oh, come, my dear," said her father, "it's not so bad as that. Think what we should have missed: Demosthenes

and Cicero and Cato and—and—Burke and Gladstone."

"Yes," said Jack, "and Brook-Wyllie. Go on, father, and don't listen to them. Only I would skip Oliver Cromwell if I were you."

Punch.

"Very well," said Mr. Brook-Wyllie. "Then I'll go back to the study and cut out Oliver Cromwell; but I'm sure it will disappoint them horribly. If you young people were only a little older, you'd know."

AN UNDERSTANDING WITH GERMANY.

The anti-German campaign conducted by an unholy alliance between the *Times* and the *Daily Mail*, and the anti-English campaign conducted by the Chauvinist Press of Germany, have at last produced a healthy reaction; and even the newspapers which, on both sides of the North Sea, were endeavoring to provoke a great augmentation of armaments with a view to the "inevitable" collision, appear to be a little bit ashamed of themselves. The truth is, as we have pointed out over and over again, there is no serious ground for controversy between the two nations, and there is no natural antagonism beyond that of the enterprising traders and merchants, who compete for orders in neutral markets. On the other hand, there is the solid fact that Germany buys from us every year between thirty and forty millions' worth of British goods, and that we do the same by Germany. Then, again, there is the immense transport, banking, and insurance business in which both nations are equally interested; and, lastly, there are the terrible consequences to the shipping of both countries that would result from retaliatory hostilities directed against commerce at sea, to say nothing of the certainty, we have more than once alluded to before, of navigation in the North Sea being made so hazardous by floating mines, that vessels could hardly venture to make a voyage even to neutral ports. Now is it likely, or reasonable, that two Governments like the

British and German Governments of to-day, composed, as we may surely assume they are composed, of intelligent men, will go on deliberately building warships of unexampled cost, at an unexampled rate, in order to prepare for a collision, which not only could bring no possible advantage to either nation, but would certainly ruin some of their most important ports, and reduce to extreme distress many of their leading industries?

As there can be only one answer to this question, and that in the negative, we should be disposed to conclude, on abstract grounds, that not war, but some sort of naval understanding is inevitable, and we are glad to hear from well-informed sources in London and Berlin, that the two Governments are anxiously considering the problem with a view to finding some mutually satisfactory solution. Our hopes are confirmed by an Austrian interview with Mr. Lloyd George, and by the announcement of a State visit to Berlin next winter.

The champions of either Government in the Press declare that the other has been forcing the pace in this ruinous competition, and both are right. If we take a ten-year period, then for the first seven years, that is to say, from 1898 to 1905, England was the aggressor; for we raised our expenditure on armaments by more than twenty millions annually, and borrowed money freely both for naval and military purposes, besides introducing the costly monsters

called "Dreadnoughts." Since then, however, our naval and military estimates have been somewhat reduced, and we have been paying off debt at a remarkably rapid pace. Germany, on the other hand, has been rapidly expanding her naval programme, and is now faced by a deficit of twenty millions sterling, which is somewhere about the sum that she now devotes annually to her fleet. Our own naval expenditure, indeed, is twelve millions greater, but the proportion spent on new construction is smaller, and considering our position as an island Power, the authorities in Berlin might as well recognize that whatever they do we are bound to keep well ahead of them, and that our financial resources are very much greater than theirs; for not only have we a sinking fund of ten millions, but our Army estimates might very well be cut down to the pre-war level, *i. e.*, by six or eight millions. If they maintain their present programme they will be forced either to go on borrowing at great risk both to the public credit and to their banking stability, or else they will have to present to the Reichstag a project of new taxation to the tune of 400 million marks which is now being prepared by the Treasury. According to a well-informed article in the current number of the *Banker's Magazine*, confirming the information that has been appearing from time to time in these columns from the pen of our Berlin correspondent, the German Government's plan will include an extension of death duties, a tax upon electricity, and increased excise duties upon beer, tobacco, and spirits. We do not doubt that considerable revenues can be obtained from these sources, but we doubt very much whether such an unpopular budget could be passed through the Reichstag in time of peace merely or mainly for the purpose (a hopeless purpose, of challenging the command of the seas. To raise the

duties on beer and tobacco would be to provide the Radicals and Social Democrats with an irresistible electoral weapon, and the Conservatives will probably raise strong opposition to any increase of death duties.

As a matter of fact, the leading organs of public opinion in Germany, and we feel sure the German Government also, have begun to recognize that an attempt to outpace Great Britain in the construction of battleships is at once foredoomed to failure and bound to cause ill will. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* has put this point of view in a tactful way to its readers, and the *Vossische* has expressed the common sense of the matter exactly in saying:—"The English do not dispute our right to develop our navy as we think fit; but they hope that political considerations may induce us not to make unlimited use of this right, since a reaction upon the British naval programme and British finances would be inevitable." On the whole, then, the last few days have witnessed a notable revival of common sense, and we fancy we can detect, not merely in the announcement of a royal visit to Berlin, but also in some semi-official writings, the operation behind the scenes of some important diplomatic machinery. The value of agreements in the abstract may be overrated; the proof of the pudding lies in the eating. But an agreement with Germany which put an end for a term of years to shipbuilding competition and brought about substantial reductions in our own armament votes would be worth millions of money to our taxpayers, and would give a wonderful impetus to public credit and private enterprise in both countries. Such an achievement would place Sir Edward Grey in the very first rank of our foreign Ministers, and would give Mr. Asquith's administration an accession of popularity and public esteem of which it stands in need.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Through a proof-reader's error the second part of the Rev. William Barry's article "Forecasts of Tomorrow," in the last number of *The Living Age* was credited to the *Fortnightly Review* instead of the *Quarterly Review*.

Many American readers and some publishers seem to have been slow in awakening to the charm of the stories of M. René Bazin. The story just published by the Scribners under the title "Redemption" is a translation of "*De Toute son âme*," a copyrighted translation of which, made for *The Living Age*, was published in this magazine in 1897-8, under the title "With All Her Heart."

Sir Spencer Walpole has been dead barely a year, hardly long enough, as publication is managed in British magazines, to be missed from the lists of contributors, and the reception given in England to "*Studies in Biography*" and "*Essays Political and Biographical*," the two volumes of his magazine papers, is really a reaffirmation of the expressions with which their individual publication was greeted. Sir Spencer Walpole lacked university training, but he had multifarious knowledge, a retentive and ready memory, and his entire life was passed among those familiar with lofty and far reaching affairs, and with family traditions of worthy action. But it is the kind, fair, and generous disposition upon which his daughter lays stress in her introductory note that gave him especial influence, and it is that quality from which his historical writing derives distinctive charm. Acting with the greatest energy and devotion upon the principle that "life is duty" he set no arbitrary standards for others. He had no harsh word, even for Marlborough, but on the other hand, even when dealing

with a character like that of the late Lord Granville, akin to his own in many phases, he discriminated clearly between its better and its inferior qualities. His charity never failed, but it never degenerated into sentimentalism. His subjects in this volume are George Savile, Lord Halifax, Godolphin, Crabbe, Princess Lieven, Lord Granville, Mr. Frank Buckland, the history of the Cabinet, the dining societies of London, and the causes of the American Civil War, and they are wonderfully equal in their quality. They do not form a connected history or disquisition, indeed they could not well be more completely detached, but they leave an extraordinary impression of unity. If their perusal leads the reader to the author's larger work so much the better. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Dr. G. Carotti's "*A History of Art*" is one of those severely sensible text books now produced in Italy to meet the wants of the governmental scheme of education, but so moulded by the traditions of the ancient universities in which their authors were educated that they have none of the superficiality of similar works used in many other lands. The book is small, but it contains over five hundred pictures in line or in half-tone; it is well-indexed; and it has a reasonably large bibliography in French and English with some additions in German and Italian. The first volume, "*Ancient Art*," has been translated by Miss Alice Todd and revised by Mrs. Arthur Strong; but no attempt has been made at editing the author's opinions. Oriental and Classic Art are the two divisions of the volume, Egyptian, Chaldean, Ægean, Assyrian and Persian art being considered in the former and Grecian and Italian art in the latter. The two

make about 350 pages, a space of which at least one-third is occupied by the illustrations, leaving the author no room for anything but a very highly condensed account, but it is surprising to note how much he has contrived to include in it. Naturally the earlier history is slighted in favor of the later, but the young student who masters the book will be better fitted for work than if he had used the superficial elaborations often given to the pupils in art schools. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The present generation of English speaking men has formed many successive widely varying opinions of the Japanese, and now Mr. F. A. McKenzie's "The Tragedy of Korea" invites it to form another, severely condemnatory of the policy of Nippon as invader and as occupant of a partly conquered country. In truth, the judgment proper in the present case is perfectly consistent with that which took shape during the Chino-Japanese war: viz., that the patriotism of the Japanese is intense, is not alloyed by scruples derived from Buddhism, much less from Christianity, and pursues the good of the Empire with pitiless logic, let it lead whither it may. The patriotism is no less remarkable than when it was first discerned by the West; if the works by which it is manifested do not accord with Western taste, so much the rather should the West consider most curiously before it again commits itself to unreserved admiration of a people with standards unlike its own. Mr. McKenzie begins with a brief description of Korea as it was for centuries and remained until the sovereign resolved to open certain ports to the Western foreigner in order to bring Western inventions to his people, and Japan and China combined to break down the ancient Korean boundaries against all strangers. The tale of the following years is a simple record of

steady, shrewd work, including the murder of the Queen, the forced abdication of the Emperor, and the enthronement of his son, and the appointment of a Japanese Resident. Undoubtedly, all of these measures are startling, and one at least is shocking to the English speaking races, but they are beneficial to Japan, manifestations of Japanese patriotism. Mr. McKenzie, like Mr. George Kennan, is not satisfied with the large abstract beauty of the policy thus manifested, but goes into detail. Telling of what he himself has seen and knows, he shows that it is by unprovoked massacre and unnecessary destruction that the Japanese are maintaining their hold upon Korea, assisting themselves by robbery when expedient. He urges that Great Britain should at least express her abhorrence of systematic treaty-breaking, and he shows that British trade in Korea is doomed unless indifference is replaced by vigilance, and that manufacturers and mining companies engaged in the country are withdrawing or making ready to withdraw. In a closing chapter, he declares the warmest admiration for the finer racial traits of the Japanese, and expresses the hope that they will see the wisdom of following the course of peaceful expansion, and respecting the advice of Count Ito and his school; if they do not, he prophesies harsher rule in Korea, increasing aggression in Manchuria, growing interference with China and in the end a Titanic war, the end of which none can see. His absolute fairness, and his great variety of information make his book extremely valuable, and the appendices contain treaties and other important documents, a petition from the Koreans of Hawaii and the extraordinary report of the court which tried the murderers of the Korean Queen, papers not elsewhere brought together for convenient reference. E. P. Dutton & Co.